



The Illustrated

Christmas Number 1983

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A time of new beginnings

by the Right Reverend J. A. Baker, Bishop of Salisbury

The climax of the Christian year is Holy Week and Easter, the drama of death and resurrection which was the origin of all faith in Jesus as Saviour and Son of God. But that is not the moment in the Christian story which the secular world takes to its heart. What enchants the inward eye of our society is "the babe lying in a manger", the ox and the ass, the shepherds and the angels, the wise men who come out of the unknown East and return into the same enigmatic darkness—in short, the image of the Christmas Crib.

At a time when only 10 per cent of the people of our country can be said to be in any sense seriously committed Christians it is worth asking why this festival should be so precious to so many of the remainder, why it is that though Christians have become fewer, and their convictions often less traditional and precise, Christmas as an institution still bulks so large in the national life. If the season had reverted to its pagan origins, if it were simply a mixture of orgy and hibernation to help us get through the cold and dark there would be no puzzle. But that is not what has happened. For modern urban dwellers no one week between late November and early March is much worse than another. And why is it still good for sales to have taped carols in the supermarket and cut-out angels twirling in the overheated air?

"Sheer sentimentality", "residual folk-religion", say the stern, high-minded theologians. "Escape into idealized memories of the happier moments of childhood," say the psychologists, "when rules were relaxed, presents appeared as if by magic, and for a few days there was nothing to contradict the sense of being loved." True, true—but is it the whole truth? We also have to explain why so many institutions—businesses, hospitals, schools, police, government departments—still arrange and strongly support an annual carol concert, and why Christmas Crib services in church, and even the Midnight Mass of Christmas, not only have the biggest congregations of the year but also draw many who never attend a formal act of worship at any other time.

Perhaps some of those who come may not believe in any simple way that the stories are "true", that angels did blaze forth singing in the sky or a star show where the young Child lay. But there is that in the classic telling of the tales which calls out an inexpressible response, a wordless Amen to *some-thing*, to a possibility that would make the world such a won-

derful place if it were true. It is at very least the spirit of Thomas Hardy's *The Oxen*, where the poet looks back to a childhood when he was quite sure that at midnight on Christmas Eve the farm animals knelt, remembering the homage of their kind in a stable in Palestine, and then reflects:

So fair a fancy few would weave

In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
"Come; see the oxen kneel
"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,

Hoping it might be so.

"Hoping it might be so." But hoping that what might be so? Not just a piece of folklore, a strange phenomenon. The hope to see the mystery of the homage is a yearning for the truth of that to which the homage is paid: that there might have been on Earth a Child who was also God.

This, I suggest, is the secret of the unique command of Christmas over the heart, that here God did in fact became a child, a babe newborn, a babe indeed in embryo in a young girl's womb. The religions of the world have no lack of God the Eternal, the Ancient of Days. The pagan myths of gods visiting the earth or of gods slain and resurrected all speak of a human form that is heroic, complete. Jesus himself on Good Friday was, as the Shroud of Turin has him, "in the mid-way of this our mortal life", a man in his full and perfect growth. The Christian paintings of the Roman Empire show him as the true Apollo. The 10th-century head in Wareham parish church gives him the features of Baldur the Beautiful. All these images speak to us in their own ways of God. But only Chistmas tells us of God the Child.

The intuition that comes to kneel here, at the cradle of a God who can be Himself even in infancy, is one that most truly knows its own need, and where it can be supplied. We are creatures who constantly fail and have as constantly to try again. The unending optimism of our New Year resolutions takes its rise quite as much in the divine fresh start of Christmas as in the turning over to a new figure on the calendar. The Child of Bethlehem is our pledge that in an old, tired world God is a God of new beginnings. And how can it be otherwise? For who can be truly eternal who is not always young?



Quality in an age of change.

Winter landscapes

by W. J. Burroughs



In 1981 we had an old-fashioned, cold December. After a mild first week frequent snowfalls and some record low temperatures held much of the country in an icy grip. As a result many of us enjoyed the rare experience of a white Christmas, of the type described by Charles Dickens or as depicted in winter landscapes and on Christmas cards. The fact that it was the coldest December of the century in part explains why it caused so much comment, but it does not tell us whether the

Winter Landscape with Peasants gathering Firewood at the Entrance to a Village, c 1670, by Jacob Isaaksz van Ruisdael, sold at Christie's in April for £129,600.

traditional image of winter reflects the colder seasons of the past or is a creation of the artistic imagination.

We have plenty of information which gives us a reasonably clear picture of the fluctuations in winter temperatures over the last four or five centuries. Around the middle of the 16th century the incidence of cold winters in north-west Europe increased

sharply. This cooling marked the start of the "Little Ice Age".

The colder winters of the late 16th century were repeated throughout many of the next 100 years with a milder interlude in the 1630s. In Britain the nadir of the Little Ice Age was in the 1690s: in the 10 years from 1689 to 1698 the Thames froze during three winters and the average temperature

was nearly 2°C below the values typical of the early part of this century. This extreme period was followed by a marked but temporary warming which reached a peak in the 1730s. Then winter temperatures took another turn downwards.

In England more frequent cold winters were a feature of our climate from the 1760s to the 1830s. Then a warming trend was interrupted only by a number of cold winters between 1875 and 1895. The milder



conditions reached their peak in the 1920s, since when there has been a return to colder winters.

The changes in the climate have been reflected in art. Before the middle of the 16th century winter was hardly ever depicted as a time of snow and ice, apart from the marvellous snowy representation of February by one of the Limbourg Brothers in Les Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry

All this changed with Pieter Brueghel the Elder. His source of inspiration appears to have been the great winter of 1564-65. Within a year or so of this remarkable cold spell he painted five famous winter scenes. Possibly the best known is the haunting and ominous Hunters in the Snow, but the softer more subtle scene, A Winter Landscape with Skaters and Birdtrap, provided the greatest inspiration to other artists and was widely copied. His other known winter pictures were The Massacre of the Innocents, The Numbering at Bethlehem and The Adoration of the Magi in the Snow, all of which served to create a new image of the Christmas scene set in secular terms.

The next major development of winter landscapes was the work of many Dutch artists. Again a great winter seems to have been required to

launch this movement—that of 1607-8. Incidentally, it was recorded for the first time that a Frost Fair was held on the Thames during this winter. The sustained cold seems to have inspired Avercamp to start painting his many skating scenes which date from 1608, including his widely reproduced roundel in the National Gallery.

Winter scenes were an important component of the armoury of Dutch landscape artists from Avercamp to van Ruisdael and Beerstraten in the 1660s. Apart from a break during the 1630s there was a continuous stream of differing interpretations of winter. Virtually all the famous landscapists including van der Neer, Cuyp, Berchem and van de Cappelle turned their hand to this theme, producing a delightful range of pictures, many of which are familiar through their frequent use as Christmas cards.

Winter landscapes seem to have ceased to be fashionable with the Dutch school after the 1660s, although there was no let-up in the frequent icy winters. One Dutch artist has, however, left us some of the most striking pictures of the frozen Thames in the late 17th century. He is Abraham Hondius. His pictures of the ice piled up against London Bridge during the cold spell of December, 1676, and of the multitudes on the river during the Frost Fair of the great winter of 1684, when the Thames was frozen for two







Opposite, The Skater: Portrait of William Grant, 1782, by Gilbert Stuart. Top, Frost Fair on the Thames, circa 1684, by Abraham Hondius. Above, Massacre of the Innocents, 1565-66, by Pieter Brueghel the Elder.

Winter landscapes

months, show London weather unknown to contemporary experience.

Throughout much of the 18th century winter rarely intruded into art, which then focused much more on the pursuits of the aristocracy. But towards the end of the century, possibly as a consequence of the more frequent cold winters, a number of Dutch aritiss, including van Troostwijck and later Koekkoek, returned to the winter theme. But it is from elsewhere in Europe that a truly original approach to winter emerged.

In England a new interpretation appeared in the unlikely form of portraiture. Perhaps the best known example is the painting by Gilbert Stuart of William Grant skating on the Serpentine. Stuart, and American artist who lived in London for much of the 1780s, is now more famous for his portrait of George Washington, but in his painting of William Grant he produced a view of winter that is both

charming and original. An even more striking view was to appear in the work of the German artist Caspar David Friedrich. During the 1810s and 1820s, influenced in part by the many cold winters in eastern Europe during this period, he painted a series of haunting landscapes. Possibly as a consequence of their heavy symbolism, which contrasts with the more jovial traditional image of winter, his works like Winter, Eldena Monastery are not widely known. This is a pity as they represent some of the most dramatic and forceful winter landscapes ever painted.

The emergence from the Little Ice Age during the 19th century seems to have been paralleled by a softer interpretation of winter in art. Courbel's lyrical view of this season provides a striking contrast to the sombragiesty of Friedrich or the foreboding gloom of van Ruisdael's greatest works. Here we have an altogether lighter approach to the season, and even the colder decades at the end of the century failed to reverse this shift as the work of Mantes shows.

The loosely intertwined thread of winter landscapes and climatic change cannot be extended into modern art. But can we predict a return to the conditions that inspired landscapists of the nast?

The last 400 years show a tendency for colder winters in the last quarter of each century; and the very coldest Decembers in England have over the last 300 years been clustered at the end of each century. Already we have had two very cold winters (1978-79 and 1981-82) so there is some reason to believe that the next decade may law more than its fair share of cold winters. There may be an even higher chance of having more cold Decembers.

A Scene on the Ice near a Town, circa 1610-15, by Hendrick Avercamp.





Christmas in London

Throughout December, as these pages show, London's streets are thronged with those who come to buy or simply to goggle at the decorations and goods so attractively displayed. Children are much in evidence, becoming more and more excited as the days pass. Carols blare out over public address systems and Christmas trees wink from front-room windows. London is ready to celebrate.

Photographs by Alistair Morrison



Father Christmas arrives in plenty of time every year to discover his clients' secret wishes. Here he holds court at Selfridges.

London's markets are extra busy at Christmas. Decorations are on sale in Leather Lane, below, poultry at Smithfield, below centre. Meanwhile manifestations of Father Christmas may be seen all over the city, bottom and right.













The stores put on a fine, and free, show at this time of year. A child, right, is fascinated by one of a series of windows telling the Christmas story. Centre right, children in hospital have their own special celebrations.











The Regent Street lights have become part of London's traditional Christmas, top left, as has the Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square, top. The shops, particularly those selling toys, vie with each other to put on tempting displays.









Carols are sung, left, and alms gathered from revellers; the Dickens Society has its annual Christmas Drive, above; and in Covent Garden there is a fun-fair, top—until suddenly, very late on Christmas Eve, stillness falls.



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Naval history in watercolours

by Tom Pocock



One squally day off Newfoundland in the year 1790 the officers of the 50-gun ship of the line *Salisbury* signalled a challenge to those of the other ships of their squadron: to take the places of their topmen and race up to the topsail yards to reef the sails, the officers doing this in the most seamanlike manner and first back on deck to be the winners. This challenge was addressed to "The Rough and Ugly" by the members of "The Glass Cases Club".

The Captain of the Salisbury, Edward Pellew, who was to become the most dashing of frigate captains and, eventually, Admiral Lord Exmouth, prided himself on the style and polish of his officers. Several were of aristocratic birth and others, who had been sent to sea because of their families' reduced circumstances, sought to emulate them.

Among the latter was a Lieutenant William Webley, who wrote in a letter home that the officers of the other ships had nicknamed them "in ridicule, 'Glass Cases'—implying that we were too fine gentlemen to attend the duties of our profession and were therefore fit only to be shut up in a glass case!" So they founded the Glass Cases Club, issued their challenge and won, so demonstrating, wrote Webley, "that it was by no means incompatible with the thorough seaman to be the perfect and polished gentleman".

Lieutenant Webley was himself struggling to keep up appearances. His family's inheritance in Gloucestershire had long gone and now, at the age of 25, he felt "tormented by poverty", having to maintain his mother in a cottage at Farningham in Kent and keep up appearances himself in a fashionable ship. While, like most of his contemporaries, he hoped to make his name in action, he was already known in his squadron as a painter of some skill in watercolours.

An ability to sketch was encouraged among young officers as those who



William Webley painted by an unknown artist, c 1800. Top, Webley's painting of the blockade of Cadiz in 1797.

could command and navigate a boat and draw with accuracy would be sent on reconnaissance missions to bring back sketches of a coastline, harbour or enemy fortifications. Webley also painted for pleasure and kept his paintings, eventually giving them to his daughters, who mounted them in a large album, adding his own accounts of his adventures as long captions.

A few years ago this album was discovered and bought in a London saleroom by Lily McCarthy, the American naval historian whose collection of Nelsoniana is on permanant display at the Royal Naval Museum, Portsmouth. The album itself, now the property of the Lily Lambert McCarthy Maritime Trust, is in the care of the Maritime Museum at Newport News, Virginia. More papers were later discovered to complete Webley's story.

When war with France broke out in 1793 Webley did not have to wait long to make his name, earning the admiration of his fellow members of the Glass Cases Club by adding dash to artistry. He had been appointed to the

frigate Juno, commanded by Captain Samuel Hood, whose uncle, Vice-Admiral Lord Hood, they were ordered to join at Toulon. The port had been ceded to the British by the monarchist French and, as the frigate approached it early in January, 1794, it was known to be under siege by a vengeful army of the Revolution (including, it later transpired, the young Bonaparte).

As the *Juno* beat into north-easterly squalls on the moonlit night of January 11, her officers were surprised to see neither the flicker of gunfire in the hills above the town nor the riding-lights of Hood's fleet in the great harbour. She glided past the forts with only topsails set and with two midshipmen stationed forward with night glasses, and all seemed ominously still until a lookout reported an anchored brig, which hailed them.

Then, as Webley later wrote, "As we passed under the stern of the brig, they called out, 'Luff, luff', which induced Captain Hood to put his helm down from an apprehension that shoal water was to leeward of him. Nothing could have been better managed by the Frenchmen, for such the seamen of the brig were, as, before the *Juno* had got her head to wind, she struck upon a shoal, to which the words 'luff, luff' were intended to direct her.

"Meanwhile a boat came alongside with 17 men, who came on board. Captain Hood inquired where Lord Hood's ship lay but received no satisfactory answer. Suspicions were now aroused and one of the midshipmen exclaimed, "They wear tri-coloured cockades!"

At this the French officers (for such they were) announced, "Make yourselves easy. The English are good people; we will treat you kindly. The English admiral departed some time ago." Webley continued, "In an instant the situation of the ship became known and the words 'We"



Naval history in watercolours

are prisoners!' were heard on all sides, while the polite Frenchmen with many bows and apologies, announced the necessity they were under of taking us all prisoners.

At first escape seemed impossible, but Webley noticed a patch of ruffled water moving across the calm surface of the harbour. It was an approaching gust heading their way and he whispered to Hood, "We shall be able to fetch out if we can get her under sail." The Captain replied, "Do you think so?" and Webley answered, "I am sure of it and, with your concurrence, I will have the men ordered to their stations.

conversation Webley slipped away and gave his orders. Two ship's boats were ordered away to tow her off the shoal while seamen raced up the yards to set the sails. "When the Frenchmen saw the bustle and perceived all the men hastening to their stations, when they had expected instant surrender, they drew their sabres," Webley recalled. "But Captain Hood quietly ordered the Marines, with their half-pikes, to force them below and keep them there. greatly to their anger and astonish-

ment Within three minutes the Juno was under way and running for the open sea. By now the forts were alerted and lights could be seen moving on their ramparts. For 6 miles the frigate sailed broadside herself out of brayado, but before dawn she had reached the safety of the open sea. Webley was the hero but, when thanked by his Captain, replied with all the aplomb expected of the Glass Cases Club, "I expect nothing, sir, I have only done my

In the event Webley got nothing, but he did have the good fortune to meet Captain Horatio Nelson of the Agamemnon and served with him for the next five years. First came the landings on Corsica and the capture of San



Nelson lost the sight of an eve. Then followed the close blockade of Cadiz. So while the French were engaged in and Webley emulated Nelson in commanding boats which pulled inshore to attack swarms of Spanish gunboats when they attempted to interfere. Yet no promotion followed.

> In the summer of 1797 the port of Santa Cruz, Tenerife, was raided, but Nelson's squadron suffered 300 casualties and he himself lost his right arm. Webley struggled ashore with the landing parties. At daybreak the hopelessness of the

British position was apparent and it was decided to seek terms for reembarkation rather than surrender. The first emissary was a Royal Marines sergeant, who set out but was never seen again. The second attempt was made by Captain Hood accompanied by Webley. Reaching the under fire, occasionally returning a Spanish lines, they were blindfolded and taken into the castle of San Cristobal. Terms were eventually agreed, and before the British were allowed to return to their ships they were invited to dine with the victors. "At table," noted one of their hosts, "they hardly raised their eyes and one could see their faces were very sad."

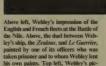
Webley had also made his mark in a manner befitting the Glass Cases. Before the final night assault on Santa Cruz a daylight landing had been attempted. He had not been involved but had taken out his paintbox and

Fiorenzo, Bastia and Calvi, where made the only pictorial record of the attack on Tenerife A year later he was to record a far

more dramatic naval battle when Nelson's fleet finally caught and destroyed the French in Aboukir Bay. Webley had followed Hood into the Zealous, a 74-gun ship, and as the British fleet raced into action she overtook the flagship. From the quarterdeck of the Vanguard Nelson waved his hat in encouragement. Then, as Webley wrote afterwards, "Captain Hood in endeavouring to do the same, let his fall overboard and immediately said, 'Never mind, Webley! There it goes for luck!

One of the first encounters of the night was the duel between the Zealous and Le Guerrier, in which the French ship was so shattered that Hood could get no reply to his repeated demands for surrender since all her officers appeared to be dead or wounded. Webley was sent to board and capture her and to hoist a light to signal her surrender. This he did, bringing back with him a French officer and offering him his own cabin

Next morning, when Webley found time to paint a quick impression of the battle, the Frenchman remarked that he, too, was an amateur painter. So when Webley left the ship to board other prizes in the bay he lent him his paints. The Frenchman painted a dramatic watercolour of the duel between the two ships, to which



Webley added a pictorial postscript by painting Le Guerrier as the broken, dismasted hulk to which the action had reduced her, just before Nelson ordered her to be burned as being impossible to refit for service.

ture of Le Guerrier after the battle.

At last Webley was promoted to Commander, ordered to join Rear-Admiral Sir Sidney Smith off Acre and to take a small ship close inshore on reconnaissance missions to exercise his skill as an artist

Then came his first visit to England for six years. He had been writing fondly to his mother (although her letters rarely reached him), "Nothing will render me more happy than to see your pretty cottage and catch a trout for your supper... Therefore let me but get a few shot in the locker and then we will drive Old Care from our cottage

and rest content and satisfied." He had little money but some prospects in his locker when he reached Farningham, and his thoughts were no longer only of his mother. He met and fell in love with a pretty 22-year-old neighbour, Maria Washington White, the daughter of an American officer





Webley painted the scene at Santa Cruz during the attack on Tenerife in 1797. It is the only pictorial record of the event.

killed in action during the Revolutionary War who had named her after his friend and commanding officer, George Washington. The couple were married at Northfleet parish church on May 1, 1800.

When Webley returned to sea in 1801, in command of the sloop Savage in the Channel, he again came under Nelson's command as part of the inshore squadron watching French preparations for the invasion of England. Operations at sea were relaxed as negotiations for peace began and were ratified by the Treaty of

Webley went ashore, the former to his break out again in May the following country house at Merton where Emma Hamilton was already established, the latter to Farningham

Now Webley's life changed quickly. He became a post-captain, which gave him automatic promotion: his mother died; and Maria bore him their first Commodore, asked for him as his flag child, a daughter. Prudently they named her after a well-to-do cousin, captain in the 74-gun Centaur he was Mrs Frances Gwynne, a member of the Parry family who had inherited Packing his paintbox, Captain Webley considerable property in Wales but had no heir

Without a war there was no hurry to Amiens in March, 1802. Nelson and return to sea, and even when it did

year Captain Webley remained at home for the birth of his son, William. Perhaps Nelson's victory and death at Trafalgar two years later fired him with his old enthusiasm for what he called "the battle and the breeze". When his old captain, Samuel Hood, now a

delighted to accept the command. returned to sea in October, 1806. Trouble loomed in the Baltic which the Danes threatened to close against the British at French instigation, as

they had done five years before; then Nelson had destroyed their fleet off Copenhagen. In the summer of 1807 the Centaur and 16 other sail of the line under the command of Lord Gambier entered the Baltic.

Their objective was again Copenhagen but this time the city was bombarded and burned. At midnight Webley and Hood watched the blaze took a letter from his pocket and read it by the light of the flames. Passing it to the Commodore, he asked whether he could read the address. "If we were to mention this in England, Webley, we should scarcely be believed," he replied. It was a short, sharp campaign and Copenhagen surrendered immediately. Hood was ordered away to Madeira to occupy it before the French, who had invaded Portugal, This having been quickly and easily accomplished, the squadron was recalled to the Baltic, where now only Sweden was not hostile to Britain and in danger of a combined attack by France, Russia and Denmark, The British commander was now Vice-Admiral Sir James Saumarez-one of Nelson's "Band of Brothers"-and he detached Hood with five ships to give

direct support to the Swedes. Soon afterwards the Centaur called at the Swedish naval base of Karlskrona and a magnificent ball was given ashore for her officers. Remembering all too clearly their narrow escape from the trap at Toulon, Hood and Webley were wary and half expected the note that was slipped into the Commodore's hand at the height of the party. This warned that the Swedes were about to change sides, that they were to be arrested and their ship seized. Hood whispered, "We must put to sea, Webley, tomorrow morning." "Tonight, if you please. Sir Samuel," replied Webley, remembering the Juno. "I don't require more than half an

They slipped away, leaving messages for their officers to follow at intervals, so as not to arouse suspicion. So their hosts were amazed to see in the clear early morning light their guests' ship cast off and set sail without a word of explanation or apology. The wind was blowing into the harbour so it was five hours before she was clear of it after tacking to and fro, expecting any moment that the Swedish batteries would open fire. Later Weblev preferred to dwell on the skilled seamanship involved because the affair became an embarrassment: the warning had been without foundation.

In fact the Swedes and British were soon to fight together against the Russian fleet that sailed against them from Kronstadt. The action that followed was to be the high point of Webley's career as it allowed him to display a dash that delighted the Glass Cases Club. Otherwise, neither side could boast about its achievements. When the Russian admiral, Tchanikov, sighted 11 Swedish and two British ships of the line bearing down >>



Naval history in watercolours

on him, he noted that he was outnumbered by two ships, and the British seemed particularly confident and aggressive since their ships, the Centaur and Implacable, were racing ahead of the main force. He could not know that this was because the Swedish ships' companies were so ill-trained and weakened by scurvy that they could not keep up. So Tchanikov turned and ran for Roggersvik (now Paldiski) at the mouth of the Gulf of Kronstadt.

The *Implacable* first caught up with the Russians and was badly battered before the *Centaur* could join her. But the Russians made sail and escaped, except for one 74-gun ship, the *Sevolod*, which grounded. That night Webley ran the *Centaur* alongside her, "her bow grazing the muzzles of our guns, which was the only signal for their discharge and the enemy's bow was drove in by this raking fire". As the two ships ground together, their spars and rigging locked and Webley ordered the *Sevolod's* bowsprit to be lashed to the *Centaur's* mizzen rigging.

Drawing his sword, Webley called for boarders and himself led them on to the Russian's deck, while they, in turn, tried to board the Centaur by her bowsprit. After some 20 minutes of ferocious fighting the Russian captain struck his colours. Meanwhile, some of Tchanikov's ships had turned to help but sheered away at the sight of open British gun-ports swinging towards them. There was no time to get his prize off the shoal, so Webley ordered her to be set on fire and wrote in his log, "she blew up with an awful and tremendous explosion". By the time the Swedish fleet arrived at the scene there was nothing to see but the two battered British ships and smoke and wreckage where their enemy had been.

"Webley of the Centaur" was praised in the London Gazette and the Naval Chronicle and decorated by the



Top, the *Centaur* sailing from Karlskrona to escape the supposed threat of a Swedish attack, painted by Webley. Above, the subsequent action between the *Centaur* and the Russian *Sevolod*, recorded by one of Webley's midshipmen, Thomas Leslie.

King of Sweden. He did not paint the battle himself but was delighted when one of his midshipmen, Thomas Leslie, did so and added his watercolours to his own collection. Now he left the Baltic to join the expedition to Walcheren and the siege of Flushing; this was a disaster and he preferred to talk about a race from Plymouth to Dover in the teeth of an easterly gale which the Centaur won. Next came a spell in the Mediterranean as Hood's flag captain in the Hibernia. Later, in the Illustrious, he was ordered to the Indian Ocean and was able to exercise his skill as a draughtsman by making a survey of the harbour at Trincomalee. He returned home in the frigate Phoenix, commanding the escort of a large convoy of East Indiamen, which successfully evaded interception by French cruisers and privateers.

Finally, in the autumn of 1814,

Webley took command of the first-rate ship of the line Swiftsure and was appointed senior officer on the Atlantic coast of France. He knew that the long wars were over when in July of the following year he boarded the Bellerophon off La Rochelle and sensed that something dramatic had happened. On the quarterdeck he and Captain Maitland exchanged salutes; then, as Webley wrote afterwards, "Captain M. explained in a mysterious tone, 'I've got him.' 'Got him? Got who?' 'Why, Bonaparte, to be sure,' replied Captain Maitland. 'You are a lucky fellow,' was my answer.'

Now Webley enjoyed the fruits of peace. He was awarded the Order of the Bath, and on his return home was told by his rich cousin, Mrs Gwynne, that he would be her heir on condition he took the name of Parry. So on her death two years later Captain and Mrs

Webley-Parry with their son and six daughters travelled to Wales to receive their inheritance and live among the landed gentry. There was to be one more spell at sea when Webley was unable to resist the offer to command a new 120-gun ship; the Prince Regent; but there was power without glory and nothing to excite a member of the Glass Cases Club. So at the end of 1825 he came ashore for the last time to live a comfortable country life in Cardigan. The automatic promotion that had started when he became a post-captain in the previous century finally made him a rear-admiral.

He lived with his family in their house, Noyadd, until 1837 when, while boating on the River Teifi, he suffered an apoplectic fit and died at home the next morning. He was buried in the churchyard at Llandygwydd beside a stream that runs down to the sea.

THE VIEW FROM BROMPTON ROAD.



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Vision from Bedlam



Richard Dadd's Contradiction—Oberon and Titania, illustrated above and in detail opposite, broke sale-room records when it was sold by Sotheby's earlier this year for £550,000, double the previous auction record for a Victorian picture. It was bought by the Fine Art Society for an unnamed client.

The picture was painted between 1854 and 1858 while Dadd was incarcerated in Bethlem Hospital, where he had been sent after murdering his father with a razor and a clasp knife in 1843 when he was only 24. Dadd painted it for Dr Hood, the superintendent of Bethlem.

The painting is an oval measuring only 24 inches by 29\(^3\) inches. It depicts in great detail the meeting between Oberon and Titania in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act II, Scene ii, which begins "Ill-met by moonlight, proud Titania". A defiant and distinctly hefty Fairy Queen confronts a swart and

fierce Oberon who is attended by sprites of malignant aspect. The "little changeling boy", cause of the distemperature, is train-bearer to his mistress, while Helena and Demetrius, no bigger than the fairy royals, are on the right of the picture. And everywhere, half-hidden behind pebbles or peering out from behind leaves, are strange, tiny creatures, some of them winged, most of them sinister of aspect and far removed from the sugary beings of Victorian story books.

There are flowers, too, again executed in minute detail, a huge butterfly of no known species and, suspended like a lighting fitting, an enormous green egg. Dadd was painting from his imagination, in which he saw beings and scenes that do not exist as clearly as objects that do. The malevolent fairies may perhaps be equated with the fiends that persecuted the artist in his madness.











TEACHER'S. A WELCOME AWAITING.

Autumn-Winter.



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The troubling of Rannesley

by Joan Forman. Illustrations by Sally Davies

"For God's sake," he said. "Don't touch ouija. Don't play with it. It's dangerous.'

"What kind of dangerous?" I asked. In my book there is only one kind of danger—a man or men behind a gun. There must have been a sneer in my voice, for his face flushed and his frown deepened.

"All right," he said, "disbelieve me if you wish. I know what I'm talking about." He turned and was about to walk away. I called him back.

'Gerry! I wasn't laughing at you—or disbelieving. I don't know anything about the subject. However . . ." I cleared my throat, almost apologetically. I had no desire to offend Gervase Pelham.

He hesitated and came back. He had the air of a man wanting to talk, but afraid to.

"It's no party game," he said, his voice low. "People treat it as an entertainment . . . If they only knew how near they are to.

"Tell me," I said. I settled in my armchair. He sat down opposite me, his hands hanging limply between his knees.

"You know I'm interested in history," he said. "I always have been, since boyhood. Sometimes the past has seemed much more real to me than the present. In time I began to be well known within a limited field, as a decent historian.'

"You weren't professional?"

"If you mean had I a degree in the subject, the answer is no. However, it is still possible to acquire a pretty sound knowledge of a subject by individual and disciplined study.

'And love of history led you towards the occult?"

"No, but it brought me into contact with Rannesley Castle—or at least the place's owner." He went on to tell me this story.

It was in 1947. The castle had been occupied by troops during the war, but when it was de-requisitioned Lord and Lady Claydon moved back and began to put the place in order.

During the war, I believe, there had been occasional disturbances at the castle-furniture had been moved around and stuff broken; on several occasions there had been trouble with the electricity and so on. But locally the matter had been shrugged off as the result of military boredom or vandalism. One or two of the older inhabitants of Rannesley village took a different view, however. They remembered stories told by their parents and grandparents, of animals which were afraid to go into the castle grounds; of cries that had been heard from one of the turrets; of a human shape that had been seen gliding across the grass under the walls of that same turret. I heard all these stories when I came to Rannesley at the Claydons' invitation.

I had known Robert Claydon since boyhood, long before his father received the barony. The family were not native to Yorkshire and the first of them to set eyes on Rannesley Castle was Robert's father, the newly created Lord Claydon. He had thought it incumbent upon him to acquire a suitable family seat as background to his nobility. Rannesley Castle was exactly what he needed. It was a typical medieval (12th-century) structure, with its four-towered keep in the centre of a large bailey. The curtain wall was turreted at intervals, though by the time the Claydons took it over not much remained of the curtain. The keep was in good repair, though, and needed little improvement to make it habitable

When I visited, the place was as comfortable as money and central heating could make it. It is rare to find a warm castle, but Rannesley was as near as you

will get to it—with the exception of its west tower. that is. This was always the coldest place in the building, and for some reason no amount of adjustment to the heating system made the slightest difference to the temperature. It never seemed to rise much above 40°F, summer or winter, in those rooms.

It was late autumn of '47-a particularly wet autumn, when it was hard to distinguish between the. rain- and leaf-fall. By November the North Riding was black, bleak, empty, desolate. At least that was the impression I had as the Claydons' car drove me up to the castle

Rannesley squatted dourly on its hilltop, lights winking through windows made in Tudor times and later. And yet, the feeling I had as we approached it was not of a modern home, nor yet of an Elizabethan or Jacobean building. I saw a Norman castle on a late autumn evening, and the protecting curtain wall seemed still to be intact, the gatehouse still defended. I was half expecting to drive across a drawbridge over a moat. The moat was an empty ditch and bridged by a brick arch earthed over.



Somehow even then I had an odd illusion, as we crunched up the gravelled drive to the house, that I was travelling in two dimensions of time-one the clear known present, the other a vibrating past which contained as much life and knowledge as did the luxurious car in which I travelled. The illusion was dispelled immediately my host greeted me. He was Bob Claydon as he had always been-handsome, quiet, running a little now to paunch and jowls, but with the steady seriousness which I remembered from schooldays still shining out.

"I'm glad you came, Gerry," he said, shaking my hand firmly. "Aileen will be down shortly. She's she's not been well lately, and is taking life slowly."

"I'm sorry to hear it," I said. "Anything serious?"
"No. I don't know." He looked at me quickly, then his eyes drew away. He glanced over his shoulder. There was no sign of Aileen, if it were she he expected to see

Dinner was a curious meal. There was nothing wrong with the food; the Claydons had a good cookhousekeeper. Rather it was my hosts who produced the atmosphere. The conversation came in fits and starts. There were long silences, during which Robert and Aileen appeared to be listening; then they would both speak at once, hurriedly, in a gabble, as though they wished to cover some gaffe or awkwardness. I was mystified. Neither, I would have thought, was a socially inept person.

As the time to retire drew near, Bob's silences grew longer, while Aileen's conversation became more frenetic. Her eyes were everywhere as she talked; the woman could not keep still.

"I've put you in the white room, Gervase," she said. "It's not white for any particular reason. It's just sort of Chinese, which makes it seem light. The wood, you know. Small furniture. The walls are white, too,'

She wasn't making much sense, and I found myself listening, not for her actual words, but for what she was saying underneath the words. I could make out quite clearly: "I'm terrified, terrified, terrified."

We went to bed before 11. I to my white room. they to somewhere near at hand—about five doors along the corridor from the room I occupied.

I fell asleep at once—the kind of deep, dreamless sleep which is like drowning—so that when I was abruptly awakened I could not at first recollect where I was, and was surprised to find myself bathed in a chill sweat. The room itself felt surprisingly cold, too. Apparently the central heating was only spasmodically successful. Then I forgot the cold in a new sensation. It was the sound of footsteps coming along the corridor towards my room. Sound? Yet not sound in the normal sense; it was as though the noise was created by a vibration inside my own head. For a fraction of time I wondered if I was going out of my mind; then the footsteps claimed my attention again. They drew nearer to my door, passed it and went away down the corridor. Yet not as far as the corridor extended. Had the owner of the steps walked the full length of that long passage I should have heard him for several minutes. As it was, the sound, or vibration, ceased only a few paces beyond my door, at a point where I remembered seeing a flight of stone steps which I had been told ascended

The room grew warmer after a while and I fell asleep. In the morning I recollected the incident hazily, half unsure whether or not I had been asleep. Over breakfast I mentioned the occurrence, what I remembered of it, to my host and hostess. Aileen sent a spoon clattering to the floor and dived under the table to retrieve it. Bob rose and went to the sideboard for a further helping of bacon and kidney: when he returned he sat down and allowed the food to congeal unheeded on his plate while he pushed a spoon interminably around in his coffee. At the point when the silence became an embarrassment

'Gerry, there's something we must tell youshould have told you yesterday.'

"Why didn't you?"

"Because we both hoped it would not be necessary-or that there would be a gentler way of telling

"I was invited here? My dear Bob, I had wondered. The invitation was a bit unexpected. Almost unlikely. I don't mean to sound offensive.'

"No, you're right. I should have known you would feel you'd been invited for a purpose. The truth is, Gervase, that Aileen and I have something here we don't understand and cannot handle.'

"You mean the place is haunted?"

"I don't know what term to use. I don't know what 'haunted' means. I just know that something is going on at Rannesley which has nothing to do with the actual material lives being lived here, and appears to be entirely independent of them. You heard the footsteps, but there are other things.

"Such as?"

The troubling of Rannesley

Before he could reply, Aileen jumped to her feet, her face grey, body trembling.

"Don't, Bob! If you talk about them, you'll call them up. For God's sake, don't."

Robert tried to placate her, but she left the room immediately, apparently to retreat to the kitchens and the safer company of the cook-housekeeper.

"Is the cook your only employee?" I asked.

"There's a daily and an odd-job man and a gardener. But only the cook-housekeeper lives in, and she sleeps in the east tower, which appears to be unaffected. You'd not get her over the west side after dark if you trebled her wages."

After this exchange we talked at some length about the troubling of the castle, but I found it difficult to make much sense of Robert's story. He tended to become incoherent at certain points. It seemed that both he and Aileen had seen something moving along the long corridor which led to the west tower, and both had heard the sound of footsteps there. On several occasions Bob had followed the sound up into the tower itself, but the noise had petered out in what appeared to be a blank wall.

"I asked you down because you're a historian," he said. "I thought you might be able to shed some light on the past and relate it to the present."

Historian I might be, occultist I was not. If I had been I would hardly have made the next suggestion, which any man experienced in dealing with the supernatural would have shied at at once.

"We might try ouija," I said.

"That business with a glass and the letters of the alphabet?"

"Well, that's one version of it. The easiest kind for amateurs with no equipment."

Amateurs! Great God, what was I thinking of? As well give a baby a naked electric wire to hold.

I suppose ideally we needed more than two participants for the "game" (it was thus I regarded it at the time), but neither of us felt inclined to involve Aileen, still less the cook-housekeeper. We set up the letters of the alphabet around the edge of a small circular table with a highly polished surface. In the centre we stood an inverted tumbler and seated ourselves either side of the arrangement, each placing an index finger on the glass.

At first nothing occurred; the glass stayed cold and motionless in the table's centre.

"Is anyone there?" I asked self-consciously of the empty air

Within a few seconds the tumbler began to move—slowly at first, then gathering momentum. It travelled first to the letter Y, then to E, and finally came to rest on S. I grinned and looked across at Robert, who was unsmiling.

"Are you pushing it?" he asked.

"No. Are you?"

He removed his finger, and the glass continued to travel under my own pressure—very slowly—around the inside of the letter ring. I was certainly not assisting its progress. Robert replaced his finger on the tumbler and we began again. I will transcribe the proceedings from there in a question and answer formula.

Q. "Who are you?"

A. "Soldier."

Q. "From which war?"

A. "The Roses."

That at least was definite enough. The glass was moving at fair speed now, without hesitation from letter to letter.

Q. "Did you live in this castle in your lifetime?"

A. "Yes. De Rannesleigh. Henry."

Q. "You mean you were one of the De Rannesleigh family?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Where did you die?"

A. "Red Moor Field."

Bob abruptly took his finger from the tumbler.

"It's rubbish, Gerry," he said. "Even I know there was no such battle during the Wars of the Roses."

"Hush, man," I said. "Red Moor was a contemporary name for Bosworth Field; part of the battle-field is still known as Redmoor."

Bob's finger resumed contact with the glass, though I think unwillingly. We began again.

Q. "What troubles this building?"

A. "Soul. Troubled."

Q. "Whose soul?"

At this point the glass became motionless and would not budge. We pushed it a little, but the independent momentum of it seemed to have evaporated. I tried a different line of questioning.

Q. "Is anyone there?"

For a moment the glass was still, then it began to glide with a greater rapidity than previously.

A. "Ralph De Rannesleigh. Frater."

Q. "Brother to Henry, you mean?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "By what death did you die?"

A. "Cruel. Slow. Hidden."

Q. "Where?" (The glass stayed motionless.)

"Where did you die?"

A. "Here. Hidden."

The last words were spelled out slowly and laboriously, but after them the glass made no further movement, though we persisted for a short while. More disturbed by that time than either of us would have admitted, we put away the ouija paraphernalia just before Aileen re-entered the room.

That night I did not retire to bed, but sat in a chair facing my bedroom door with the idea of keeping vigil through the night. It was some time after midnight that the room grew cold. I must have dozed, for I came to my senses with a start, and at least two of those senses immediately registered positive impressions; one being the sharp drop in temperature, the other the sound of footsteps progressing slowly along the corridor and approaching my door.

I felt the hair rise on my neck as a dog's would, and experienced a moment of blind cold terror in case whatever was outside the room should enter.

The sound drew level with the door and passed on. As on the previous night, it was less a noise than a vibration translated as sound in my mind.

I rose from my chair, walked to the door, opened it and stepped into the corridor. I am not a courageous man, but no coward, either, as far as I know. Stepping out into that corridor was the bravest thing I have done in my life.

The passageway was empty. By now I could hear the footsteps mounting the turret stair of the west tower. Without haste I followed them. It seemed as I climbed that I was a flight behind the walker, for I could hear him ahead of me; the dull reverberating thud of footfalls on cold stone came down to me round the spiral. When I reached the top of the second flight, I paused to listen. I stood in a well of total silence. The only footfalls to be heard now on the turret stair were mine, as I shifted from foot to foot, restless with fear and unease. The walker had not proceeded upward, apparently. Either he had moved through a solid stone wall into the centre of the turret or he stood quietly right beside me.

I ran down the worn stones two at a time and almost fell into my bedroom. I was scarcely surprised to see Bob Claydon waiting for me in the chair I had recently vacated.

"You followed it," he said, when I had recovered some composure. "Did you see anything?"

"No, but I think whatever it is is male."

"The ouija bore that out." He sat for a few seconds, his hands gripping the chair arms until the knuckles whitened. He seemed to be struggling to arrive at a decision.

"Would you be willing to do some research, Gerry? On the Rannesleys of the 15th century?"

"You mean the De Rannesleighs? I've already done some—after our session this morning."

"You didn't mention it at dinner."

"I did not wish to discuss it in front of Aileen."

He nodded. "Luckily, she slept through tonight's disturbance. She's completely exhausted. What did you discover?"

"According to a local history book I found in your library, there were De Rannesleighs living here in the reign of Edward IV. By 1475 the then Lord of the Castle and Manor, Hubert De Rannesleigh, had died, leaving twin sons, Henry and Ralph."

"My God!" Bob said softly.

"Quite so. We apparently got them this morning."

"Twins, were they? Then who inherited the title and lands?"

"That's the point. It seems Ralph was regarded as the heir, the eldest, but the book refers to his brother Henry as Lord of the Manor, Castle and domains of Rannesleigh."

Bob stared at me. "Then what became of brother Ralph?" he asked.

"What indeed?"

The next night found Bob Claydon and me alone in the castle keep of Rannesley. The housekeeper was absent as it was her weekly night off, and Aileen Claydon had needed little persuasion to motor over to York to spend the night with her sister.

We had resolved to sit out the entire night in the west tower of the castle, and were now crouched in miserable discomfort on the second flight of stairs leading up the turret.

The hour was late—1 am—the stairwell cold and dank. We sat side by side on the stone steps, almost touching, the hurricane lamp at our feet casting an unstable light which gathered as many shadows as it banished. We had long since ceased any pretence at conversation and the silence had begun to weigh upon us like a sickness.

Then without warning we heard it; the sound of feet approaching the foot of the turret stairs on which we crouched. Steadily the noise grew louder, until the climber was on the stair below us—and through us, and past us, and on to the landing above. The hurricane lamp, which had flickered wildly as the first steps approached, went out and we were left in a suffocating, thudding darkness. The sound of the footfalls had ceased, but its place was taken by a loud and shockingly recognizable sound—the double-thump of a human heartbeat. I swear it was neither mine nor Robert Claydon's.

For what followed next I hold myself entirely responsible. I turned to Robert and said "Get the ouija—quickly!"

I expected protest, but there was none. Bob seemed like a being temporarily out of control of his own actions. He said later that my own behaviour struck him similarly.

I re-lit the lamp, but it gave little comfort. Bob ran down the steps, leaving me alone with that horrifying reverberation, which did not cease during the five minutes he was absent.

When he returned we spread the cards in a circle on the smooth stone of the landing at the stair's head, our hands shaking abominably, though whether with haste or fright I cannot be sure.

The glass tumbler was hurriedly set in the middle, our fingers were poised above the glass—and at that moment the double thump of the heartbeat ceased. The glass began to move.

"Ask it something—ask it!" Bob urged frantically. I asked.

Q. "Where are you?"

A. "Near."

Q. "What lies beyond this tower wall?"

A. "Ralph De Rannesleigh."



Q. "Who are you?"
A. "I will show you."

I heard Bob mutter, "Please God—no!" But it was too late. The glass beneath our fingers ceased to glide, but out of my eye-corner I saw a ball of what appeared to be grey mist roll along the landing floor towards us. When it had almost reached Bob's hand, it turned aside and travelled up the tower wall. There, at approximately the height of an average man, the sphere hung poised, and slowly as we watched, horrified, the thing began to change, to assume the shape of a human face. When it was fully materialized it was the face of a man, but it bore an expression of the most vicious cruelty I have ever seen on a human countenance. For a few seconds it gazed straight at us, exuding evil, then, without

realizing that I spoke, I said:

"Ralph De Rannesleigh?"

The glass moved rapidly again beneath our hands. It spelt out:

"Not Ralph. Henry!"

With that the tumbler spun wildly, crazily, faster and faster round the circle of cards, then flew out of our grasp into the air. It fell down the turret stairs, where we heard it shatter.

When we turned back to the wall, the evil face had gone. We were alone in the west tower, with a flickering lantern and the scattered ouija pack.

I left the castle the next day, and the Claydons moved out at the end of the week. They had intended a temporary evacuation only, until the building could be exorcised or the west tower opened up to investigation. But as Bob said, exorcism is not always successful; and as for the west tower, supposing *nothing* were found behind its turret wall save solid stone. What then?

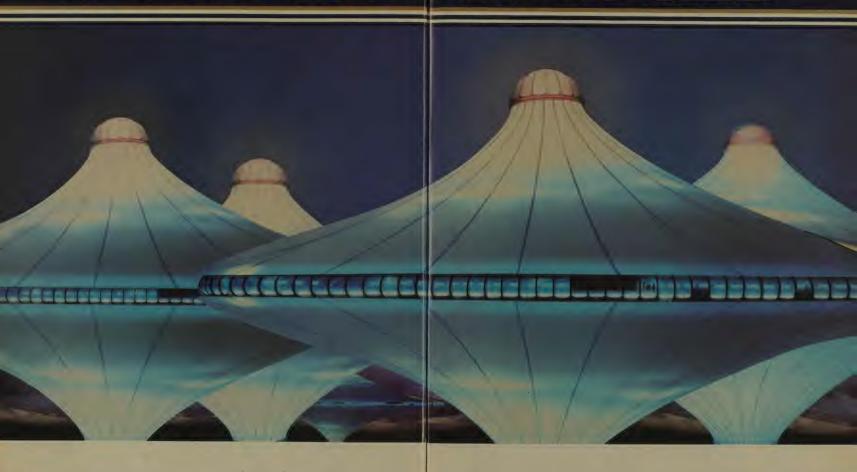
So if Ralph De Rannesleigh's bones lie bricked up in that tower, none shall know of it until the castle succumbs to the ravages of time, wind and weather. Which by the look of the place the last time I passed it could well be within my lifetime.

As for me, I have never touched ouija since—or permitted it to be touched in any company in which I find myself. It's a dangerous game.

Gervase Pelham rose, carefully brushed invisible dust from an immaculate trouser leg, gave me one of his small formal bows and walked away.



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In search of cave hermitages

by Christina Hardyment

Last summer I found myself developing a passionate interest in hermits. One chapter in Rotha Mary Clay's excellent book on the subject particularly caught my imagination: "Cave Hermitages". As Clay pointed out, the wonderful thing about cave hermitages was that they were still there, tucked away in obscure corners of England and for the most part unvisited. But how indestructible are they, I wondered, looking at the smudgy black and white photographs of 1914 that illustrate Clay's book?

A crop of letters to local history societies and libraries brought varied replies. "Sadly vandalized", "hardly anything left now", "barred to the public for its own protection" ran some, but in others there was enough enthusiasm and pride to justify the scheme which I had been hatching: a sort of pilgrimage, a quest with the detective excitement of following up these leads, an 18th-century-style tour in search of the picturesque. I chose eight caves in all, scattered in an ovoid which took me from Warwick to Northumberland and back down the gorges of the Severn. It was an extraordinarily varied week, showing the byways of England at their best, and I met many helpful locals who set me on my obscure ways. Every cave I visited was empty so that I could imagine. albeit briefly, the solitary life that their occupants had once led.

Hermits in England were not the fanatic bearded wild men of the desert of popular legend. At their best, they were the forerunners of the welfare state, philanthropists who lent a helping hand where they could. Far from existing in lonely communication with their soul, they lived useful lives, maintaining bridges and roads, running ferries, keeping lighthouses and sheltering travellers in a pre-YMCA age. They did aim to return to the simplicity of Eden, and spent much time alonebut they were also wise men, scribes, occasionally famous scholars and counsellors to kings. They were not to be confused with anchorites, recluses who were actually locked or walled-up in their cells and dedicated to the lonely task of prayer. So it was not surprising to find that many of the hermitages I explored were close to civilization.

I started in Warwick on a fine morning, too early for the information centre to be open. Luckily a casual inquiry in a shoe shop, where I was equipping myself with stout rubber boots, proved productive. The caves at Guy's Cliff. Wonderful places. The assistant had played there as a girl. They were fenced off, now, she

thought. The spectacular mock gothic mansion built in their honour was crumbling over them. I took the Coventry road out of town, the A429, past a small roundabout crowned by a modern statue of Sir Guy, and turned right opposite a garden centre, up a drive guarded by a small stone lodge. At the end of an avenue of massive yews stood the blind face of the house, rooks cawing from its turrets.

But caves, unlike houses, endure. The rockface both above and below the house is studded with them. although only one is genuine, the home of that 10th-century superman Guy of Warwick, slayer of the Giant Amarinth and the dreaded Dun-cow of Dunsmore Heath. He returned secretly from the Holy Land, and lived there unknown to his wife, although he begged alms from her at their castle gate every day. After two years of this unlikely existence, the motive for which remains obscure, he sent her his ring and allowed her to hasten to his deathbed. A succession of hermits lived at Guy's Cliff, and when Camden described it in the 16th century it was an exceptionally lovely spot: "The very seat itself of pleasantness. There have ye a shady little wood, cleere and crystal springs, mossy bottoms and caves, meadows always fresh and green, the river rumbling here and there among the stones with his streams, making a mild noise and gentle whispering, and besides all this, solitary and still quietness, things most grateful to the muses."

For us in the 1980s there is less to enjoy. I groped through unfriendly bamboo thickets at the base of the ruin, and tried to identify the right cave among the later embellishments of cloisters, stables and chapel. Clay had helpfully mentioned that "the rudely hewn entrance" was 5 feet above the floor, and more like a window than a door. I located such a cave just to the left of the underchapel's doors. Climbing up to it was easy, but the leap down inside—a drop slightly more than my own height-sent a frisson of incarceration fantasy down my spine. Peering out from the narrow, almond-shaped pit, I felt absolutely no desire to be immured. I made a precarious ramp of an old pail and a log and clambered out. The hunt had been a good onebut the quarry disappointing.

And so to Derbyshire, and the Anchor Church at Ingelby, a tiny hamlet near Repton. It was getting dark. A slightly doubtful lady directed me through a white farm gate, just on the left before the village. A mile or two, she thought. Avoid the obvious





The caves at Guy's Cliff in Warwick where the legendary 10th-century hermit, Guy of Warwick, reputedly died. Top, monks' cells at the hermitage.

path by the river, she commanded oracularly, and remarked again upon the gathering dusk. At a brisk trot I started across the fields, mudproof in my Warwick wellies, and braving a herd of cows to find the home of Holy Hardulph. He had dwelt "in a celle in a clyffe a lytell frome trent", a refugee from the Saxon King Penda, who ruled Mercia from Repton. Avoiding the obvious path, I climbed a steepish field, and at the top of the hill had the satisfaction of seeing the riverside path peter out in mud. Down into a little valley and up another hill, full of the cliffside potential that had hitherto

been lacking in the Trent valley. Round the next bend the cave appeared—a delightful shock. It was so solitary, and so churchlike still, with its regular arched windows and rounded doorway. Inside it is airy and spacious, about 12 yards long and 4 yards deep, with two tree-like pillars holding up its roughly vaulted roof. I sat on one of the deep window seats and looked across at what must once have been a lonely morass and is now the industrial horizon of Derby. The fading light was erasing the power lines, and the flares and smoke of the power station seemed beautiful rather







Top left, a crucifix carved inside the sandstone cave of Dale Abbey hermitage, top right, founded in 1130 in Depedale by a Derby baker. Above, the Church of All Saints in Dale village is 26 by 25 feet in size and under the same roof as a house.

than intrusive. Although the steps and trees visible in Clay's photograph have disappeared, Anchor Church has lost none of its character. Seeing civilization so close and yet so far away illustrated the essential quality of a hermit's life—the ability to be alone even near other people.

After a night in a hotel near Derby station, I was on the quest again, this time to Depedale, just north-east of Derby. A few miles along the A6096 to Ilkeston there is a small turning to Dale Abbey. The hermitage, which pre-dated and probably inspired the Abbey, was founded in 1130 by a

devout Derby baker. St Mary appeared to him in a vision, telling him to give all he had away, and "go to Depedale, where thou shalt serve my Son and I in solitude". He scooped a "very small dwelling with an altar to the south" out of the soft sandstone rock, and "served God day and night, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness". I could see the hermitage from the road, just after passing the Carpenters Arms, so I parked the car beside a hikers' signpost to Potato Pit Lane and set off to the right over the fields. The gaunt west window which is all that remains of Dale Abbey made

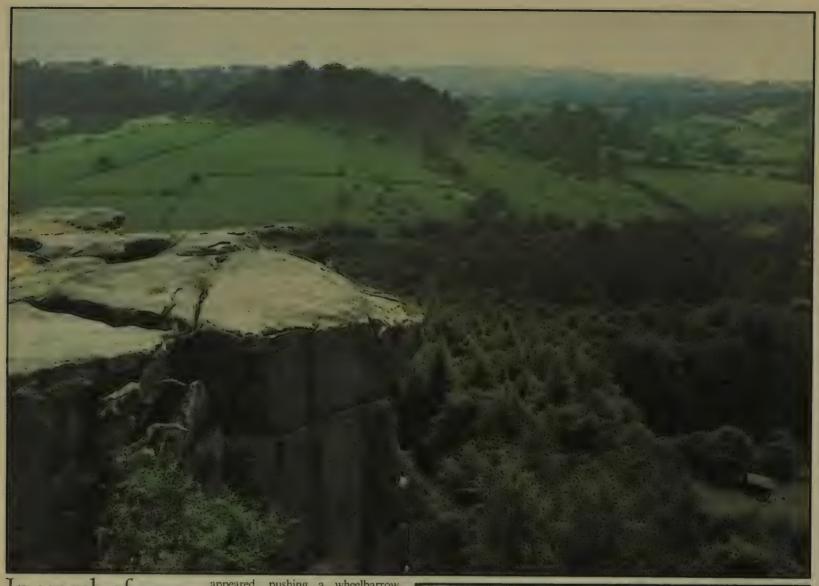
a fine frame for the distant cave.

Although smaller and simpler than Anchor Church, Dale has the same timeless, tranquil atmosphere and a much more commanding view, north to rolling fields and woods, with a fine working windmill once owned by the monks of Dale on the horizon. Two arched windows flank its doorway, and there is still a roughly carved crucifix at one end and a stoup for holy water. Under patronage of a local nobleman the hermit moved farther down the valley and built a little cottage and oratory. The exquisite little church in Dale village, with a timbered

house cobbled onto it, is its direct descendant. It has 13th-century wallpaintings, and some interesting 17thcentury church furniture. The gallery leads directly into the house, a relic of the chapel's conversion into an infirmary and oratory for the monks, but giving whoever is lucky enough to live there today a fine feel of comfortable hermit life. For Dale is comfortable—a shade too domestic and tidy for my taste. I suspect that its occupant became too involved with the management of his tiny estate once he moved down from his cave, and lost the spirit of the solitary.

Nothing could be more different from gentle Dale than my next objective. I headed north from Derby on the A6 and turned left on the B5057. After Winster I turned right onto the B5056, and in less than a mile saw the brutal profiles of Cratcliff Rocks high on my left. My local pathfinder had warned me not to trespass on the grounds of the cottage set beneath the tor, hinting at dogs and misanthropists. So I parked the car in the entrance to a farm, skirted their field carefully and advanced on the crags through a wood of larches. A perfectly proportioned beech tree makes a formal antechamber to the cave itself, which is completely veiled from sight by two huge yews. They give a slightly bizarre but entirely appropriate churchyard atmosphere to the place. A low stone wall and an iron railing protect all that is left of the cave—presumably a rockfall has removed part of its roof. Such protection is necessary because of the superb 13th-century crucifix, some 4 or 5 feet high, with a branching tree behind the figure's upraised arms, which remains there. Above the cave itself is a strange

Above the cave itself is a strange plateau made from vast, weather-smoothed rocks like a school of stranded whales, a spectacular vantage-point from which to look out on dales and scarps little changed in centuries of civilization. The men of Cratcliff'



In search of cave hermitages

were, one suspects, more recluses than community figures. Very little is known about them, although the records of Haddon Hall have an interesting post-Reformation reference to a payment of 8d to the hermit for bringing in five brace of coneys in 1552. Cromwell's men had clearly not flushed out all the religious.

After a night at the lushly traditional Peacock Inn at Rowsley, I set off for the farthest-flung but least missable of all England's hermitages: Warkworth, near Alnwick on the Northumberland coast. Over the meandering bends of the Coquet, all swooping gulls and marram grass, the vast bulk of Warkworth Castle towers, Shakespeare's "worm-eaten hold of raggy stone, where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland, lies crafty sick". The town has few modern buildings; it remains a symphony in golden stone, with its castle, steep high street and comfortable coaching inns. I knew that the hermitage was about a mile up-river from the castle and on the opposite bank. That bank looked unscaleable from the bridge, and the only visible boat was a small coracle spinning in erratic circles downstream, manned, or rather boyed, by a fisherman too young to trust with my life and typewriter. Then an aged bit player from Henry IV

appeared, pushing a wheelbarrow unconcernedly across the main road. He told me that there was no ferry to the hermitage out of season, but, by a happy coincidence, he was cousin to the two elderly sisters who farmed Hermitage Farm.

On his recommendation I set off to ask for right of way across their land. I crossed the bridge northwards, turned left along Station Road and came to Hermitage Farm on the outskirts of the town. They let me leave my car there, and, with some hesitation as they couldn't remember "which field he's put the bull into this morning", sketched the way across three fields to the wooded coppice above the river which held the hermitage. Feeling that discretion was the better part of valour, I took a very wide sweep around the fields and along the river's edge, planning, if the worst came to the worst, to swim for it. To compensate for my walk, I did get a very fine view of the castle, its buttresses dipping down to the river and the broad path on the other side.

In summer the hermitage is a highly rated tourist attraction, and its approach is marred by a tollbooth and a statute-laden Ministry of Works noticeboard. But neither crowds nor bureaucracy could completely spoil Warkworth. An incredibly ancient yew, the classic hermit's tree, embraces the whole place with gnarled boughs, propped on timbers like a geriatric



Below Cratcliff Rocks, top, in Derbyshire, is the remains of a cave where a 13th-century crucifix, above, about 4 or 5 feet high, is carved on the wall.

with walking sticks. A curved flight of steps goes up to the doorway, flanked with arched and quatrefoil windows, and inside everything is still unspoiled, just as described in the Early English ballad, the *Hermit of Warkworth*:

"Then scooped within the solid rock, Three sacred vaults he shows, The chief a chapel, neatly arched, On branching columns rose.

Up to the altar's ample breadth Two easy steps ascend; And near, a glimmering solemn light Two well-wrought windows lend." A Decorated-period window, and the ribs and carved bosses of the vaults still give an authentic medieval air. On the right of the altar are two worn stone effigies, a lady and a knight, supporting the ancient wisdom that the hermitage was founded by a Northumbrian warrior mourning the loss of his sweetheart. Another legend attributed it to a man expiating the murder of his brother. Both these stories are used in the famous ballad rediscovered by Bishop Percy and published in his *Reliques of English Poetry* in 1770. At that





The ruins of Warkworth Castle in Northumberland. A mile away upstream a 14th-century hermit hollowed out of sandstone a chapel, top, and living chambers.

time, the height of the picturesque movement, age of the Gothic novel and revival of romantic landscape, the hermitage became a popular resort.

Behind the main chapel is a long chamber, open now to the west, presumably the original hermit's living room. It has niches, a hagioscope or peephole on to the main chapel, and a stone bed hollowed out of the wall. Outside are the ruins of a quite elaborate building, possibly once two-storeyed as there is a stair beside the cave. Perhaps it was the "hall and kyt-

chen" mentioned in Stockdale's Survey of the Lands of the Percies in 1586. He also referred to "a little orchard and garden adjoining the same", and recorded that the hermit was allowed pasturage for horses and cattle, 20 larks a year, 20 loads of firewood, and the right to "one draughte of fishe every Sondaie in the year, to be drawn fornenst the said armytage, called the Trynete draught".

It is still easy to climb up the remains of the old stair and sit on the roof of the hermitage, thatched with bluebells and wild garlic. It has a good double aspect—upriver to the weir and down to the castle. For all the locks and fences, and the vulgar mob who come and gape at measured intervals, it is an exceptionally lovely place. Try to visit it very early in the morning (it is locked out of season) to enjoy it at its best.

Warkworth was my most northerly point. I spent the afternoon having tea in Alnwick, a cobbled border town, then took the beautiful Alnwick Moor road across to join the A1 and head south. Knaresborough in Yorkshire was my next halt. Robert of Knaresborough is a legendary figure like Guy of Warwick. He was a pious lad much persecuted by the local Constable of Knaresborough, William de Stuteville. However, one night "thre men blakker than Ind" came to William in a vision, harrowed his sides with burning pikes, and challenged him to a duel with iron maces "for the wrongs with which thou spitest the man of God". William cried for mercy and promised to mend his ways, and the vision vanished. Early in the morning he sought out the hermit: "Robert forgaff, and William kyssed. And blythely wyth hys hand hym blyssed.'

In return he was endowed with all the land between his cell and Grimbald Kirkstane, with horses and cattle beside. The pattern of patronage which kept hermits alive is becoming clear. It was a two-way service: the baron's soul was the lighter for his benevolence, the poor benefited from the hermit's protection. But this was the ideal. What very often happened was that totally unworthy characters set up as hermits, leeching onto travellers and conning alms from people. In *Piers Plowman*, Langland described such men:

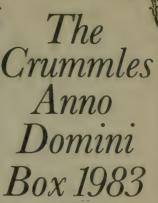
"Great loobies and long, that loath were to swink,

Clothed them in copes to be known from others,

And shaped them hermits their ease to have."

The reason that Stuteville persecuted Robert was because he suspected that his well-known benevolence towards ex-cons amounted to harbouring gangs of thieves.

With my head full of all this history, I was surprised to find no sign of St Robert's cave in Knaresborough. Mother Shipton's wishing-well, yes; the House in the Rock, certainly (at a price); the enchanting little chantry chapel with its attendant stone knight in boss-eyed bas relief, all were easy to identify, visible from the main bridge over the Nidd. But no cave. Clay as usual gave a useful clue: the cave ought to be "a mile below the castle". Appropriately it was a local constable at the police station who set me on the right road. They had found a body in a riverside cave a few years ago, and that was about a mile downstream. Quailing slightly, I followed his directions: the Wetherby Road, B6164, out of town, and a sharp right turn just before a bridge over the river. After about 200 yards I could park my car at the top of a steep slope down to the water.





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In search of cave hermitages

It was the right cave, recognizable from Clay's sunlit photograph, but by no means the airy bower that it once was. I could see the coffin shape of the opened grave where St Robert had insisted on being buried. Neighbouring monks had wanted to entomb him in state in the abbey but, like many recluses, he preferred to dig his own grave and meditate upon it while he lived: "Here wyle I lyved, here will I ly In this place perpetuely". No one knows what became of his bones; perhaps they were stolen by pardoners and sold as holy relics.

The cave itself gaped darkly to my right. I entered it bravely, and to my relief found no more than a large chunk of carved lintel, which had presumably once been part of the chapel built in honour of St Robert after his death. Now all was gone and the site restored to the simplicity which he would have preferred. After the grandeur of Warkworth the smallness of the cave was refreshing-but the scruffy suburban surroundings make it a cave hermitage appealing only to the enthusiast. The inauthentic hermitage at Knaresborough, the chantry chapel below the House in the Rock, is also worth a visit. With its gothic window, little altar, and Roman trimmings it teels like something straight out of The Morte d'Arthur.

A few hours south on the motor-ways—or, if one has time, a dawdle through the Peak district—takes the hermit-hunter to the sandstone cliffs of the Severn valley. From Bridgnorth I took the Wolverhampton road, A454, crossed the Severn, and as the road began to climb turned right into a housing estate. The Rock of Athelardston loomed above, an easy but exhilarating climb, and from its flat top a track through the woods led me to the caves themselves. Alternatively, they

can be reached by walking farther along the main road and entering the woods on the left of the Rock. Clay's photograph showed a cottage dwelling, half house and half cave, which used to exist beside the hermitage, and an excellent booklet written in 1877 by Hubert Smith mentioned two or three such cottages. Smith's account is wonderfully dramatic-he was clearly a man who enjoyed the thrill of the chase, and a romantic. He lapped up the tales of the "gudewife" who lived in one of the cottages with her husband ("a worthy couple of the labouring class who had as much attachment for their rock abode as if it had been a palace"). She gave him "a decoction of Horehound" and hinted of the witches who used to live in the hermitage ruins. He searched in vain for the secret passage rumoured to cross under the river to Bridgnorth Castle, and found her story of buried treasure harder to swallow than he might have—hermits were often used as bankers, according to Clay. But the splendour of the spot, particularly as it must once have been in Saxon times when it was at the centre of the great royal hunting forest of Morfe, convinced him that the original hermit might well have been Ethelward, learned brother of the fratricidal King Athelstan. By the reign of Edward III the hermitage was established under crown patronage.

Smith found more to the hermitage than I did. His carefully measured drawings show that there were once two storeys, with a stair cut through the rock to connect them. It was an exceptionally spacious hermitage, with plenty of room for the servants that wellborn hermits tended to take with them into seclusion. Signs of at least four roomy chambers can still be seen. and the chapel is easily identified, with a vaulted east end and a worn gargoyle head at one side. The soft sandstone rock has been badly weathered now. In another 100 years little will remain to make it more than a shallow cave.

Farther down the Severn, at Stourport, I came to the last of my caves. Redstone is again a well documented hermitage, dating from at least 1182 and controlling an important ferrypoint across the river. Although it was always described as a hermitage, enough people lived there for it to qualify for convent status. Latimer described it to Thomas Cromwell in 1538 as "an hermitage in a rock by Severn able to lodge 500 men, and as ready for thieves and traitors as true men. I would not have hermits masters of such dens." Such pretexts were standard excuses for dissolving the religious houses of the day, but again a hint of the darker side of hermit life appears. After the Reformation Redstone was granted to Cicely Pickerell and her heirs. In 1868 it was reported to be recently occupied "by poor folk, one portion an alehouse, one a school" and with its chapel, refectory, dormitories and arched ways "the most interesting we have"

Today the approach is unpromising. I crossed the Severn southwards on the A451, and turned left along Hermitage Way into yet another housing estate. Passing Layamon Way with some interest, as the famous bard is traditionally supposed to have composed some of Brut while at Redstone. I turned left at the Old Farm pub into Redstone Road and parked by the unaesthetic gates of the Texaco plant. I took a footpath just above them into the woods. Suddenly through the trees the great cliff could be seen, its chalk and sandstone layers giving it the gaudy impression of seaside rock. Latimer had not exaggerated. There are dozens of chambers, ranging from tiny rabbit hutches to 20-foot-high halls. One fine series runs through the rock, interconnecting like the antechambers of a stately home. There are several chimneys cut straight up to the top of the cliff and large, bed-sized recesses. The high-pointed roof of the former chapel is still clearly dis-

Above left, St Robert's grave at Knaresborough, Yorkshire. Above right, Redstone caves at Stourport-on-Severn.

tinguishable, and I could guess at the outdoor pulpit referred to by Clay. The caves are only a few yards from the river bank where the ferry must once have crossed—rich pickings for the ferrymen, no doubt. Despite the petrol storage tanks and a caravan park across the river. Redstone has a timeless flavour. Trees veil the worst of the atrocities opposite. Wood ash in every niche of the sandy-floored caves, left by adventurous campers or picnickers, adds to, rather than detracts from, the vision of what life there must once have been like. And although a local informant had declared the caves sadly disfigured, I found few signs of vandalism. The odd searcher after immortality has scratched initials into the rocks, but the scale of the place dwarfs such trivia.

So the tour was over. I had gained unexpected pleasures from it: the discovery that little solitudes still exist in the middle of busy towns; the sense of uninterrupted history to be had from sitting in a window seat and looking over a landscape just as some Saxon recluse had once chosen to do; and the understanding of the homely fascination of local lore rather than national fame. The central mystery of the hermit life remained. Humans are by nature gregarious. Why did these people, women as often as men, choose solitude? Thomas Merton, himself a Trappist monk, a strange anachronism in our community-minded modern world, gives the clue to the lasting fascination of the hermit: "The world of men has forgotten the joys of silence, the peace of solitude, which is necessary, to some extent, for the fullness of human living. Not all men are called to be hermits, but all men need enough silence in their lives to enable the deep interior voice of their own true self to be heard at least occasionally."

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Hugh Casson's London

I was born in London and have lived in London virtually all my working life. London is the home of our children and grandchildren. This may sound like total immersion, but it's more like hitching a ride on the Leviathan. I live, it seems, like a comfortably-housed stowaway on a great liner, seldom leaving my familiar deck-cabin or companion-way while the great ship itself, upperworks agleam, flags flying and portholes blazing, thunders and shudders impassively on its way through the seasons and the years.

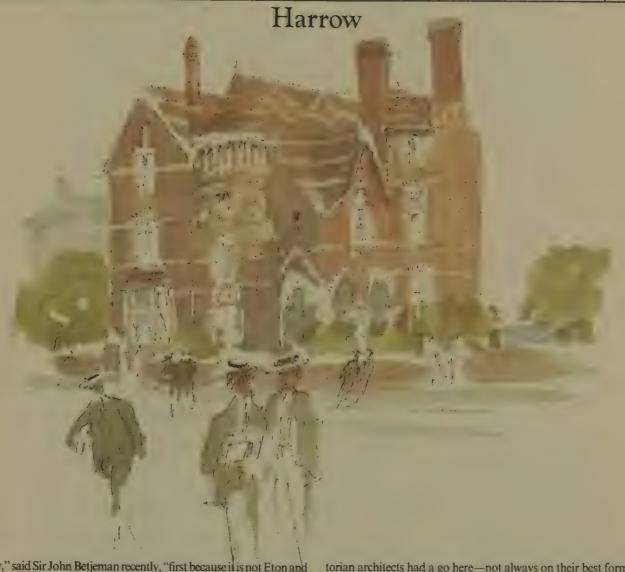
As a child I knew London only through the occasional visit . . . the

Sir Hugh Casson, President of the Royal Academy, was born in London and has lived there most of his working life. From his book published this autumn (J.M. Dent, £9.95), we reproduce some of his 60 watercolours, with text, of buildings he admires and with which he has had association.

Zoo, Gamages, Where the Rainbow Ends...either with parents when, too rarely, on leave from India, or with relatives, or, if they ran short, in the care of Universal Aunts... On our London visits, my sister and I always

stayed with our Great-Aunt Torie in Montagu Street—a sort of clearing house and information centre for the huge numbers of aunts and uncles and cousins passing regularly through London *en route* to or from service in

the Empire. Great-Aunt Torie was unmarried and comfortably off. She was about 70 I suppose but seemed to me incredibly old. (She boasted once she had been taken in to dinner by Disraeli who wore rings over his gloves.) She was tended by three maids-Ada, Bird and Mary-all as old as she-who for us acted as the patient, warm-hearted bollards round which we threw our ropes of childish confidence. Often indeed we found it hard to leave the friendly basement kitchen in which Ada and Bird, stiffly corseted and aproned, tacked creaking and rustling round the table like great



love Harrow," said Sir John Betjeman recently, "first because it is not Eton and secondly because I believe I was at school there . . . in spirit if not in fact.' I find no surprise that he should say so . . . and also for two reasons: first because it is one of the most complete, compact and unspoiled complexes of Victorian architecture in the country, and second because it is visibly, if not in fact, the capital city of Metroland—that strange arcady that was the product, some 50 years ago, of a partnership between the Metropolitan Railway and the speculative builder. To Londoners its silhouette is as familiar as Hampstead or Sydenham yet it looks somehow as mysterious and lonely as Glastonbury. The village church has been there since the Middle Ages, but it is the school, founded for local boys in 1571, which, like a feudal landlord, has protected the hill's privacy from the slow tide of gabled roofs and factory estates by which it is surrounded, and has created the identity of Harrow. That school of "Forty Years On" and the shallow boater was created later between 1850 and 1885 by two fearsome headmasters, Dr Vaughan and Dr Butler, and it is to these two that we owe the extraordinary collection of school buildings, striped, blood-red, hard-edged, pinnacled and menacing, which must have terrified every new boy out of his wits. Virtually all the great Vic-

torian architects had a go here—not always on their best form: Gilbert Scott (the Chapel and the Vaughan Library), William Burges (the Speech Room), Basil Champneys (the Butler Museum), A.W. Blomfield and Aston Webb (Chapel alterations), E.S. Prior (the new music room and various boarding houses) and, most prolific of all, Charles Forster Hayward (the Science Schools, the Sanatorium and a group of boarding houses). Hayward, like one other busy Harrow architect, W. C. Marshall, had a housemaster brother which no doubt had its local advantages.

Yet there's more to Harrow than the School. St Mary's Church, despite Gilbert Scott's merciless restoration, is worth a leisurely visit and the High Street and The Green are as quiet and friendly as a small west country town. In Peterborough Road and on the south side of the hill some splendid suburban mansions survive, and for lovers of the fantastic there's a mad chalet in Harrow Park designed by J.T. Walford (1883) which would have delighted King Ludwig himself. And there's always that view—wide-ranging from the churchyard or glimpsed; like the sea in a fishing port, between the shoulders of houses and garden walls, that seems to distil a pale, pearly light, limitless yet contained, as if Harrow and you were captured within a dome of glass.

he Palace Theatre was the scene of one of the most unpleasant evenings of my life . . . the first disastrous night of John Osborne's *The World of Paul Slickey*, a musical fantasy starring Denis Lotis, Adrienne Corri and Marie Lohr, and directed by Kenneth Macmillan. It dealt with the adventures of a gossip columnist and involved such (for those days) rather advanced spectacles as sex-changes, a libidinous priest and a can-can with a corpse-filled coffin—all of which had been received with puzzled benevolence by the matinée audiences at Bournemouth where we had our tryout. I had done the sets. They included a newspaper office and a stately home, and were all treated as enlarged black-and-white drawings. I knew better than to attempt the costumes.

But what Bournemouth accepted London threw back at us in a bedlam of boos and jeers; not so bad for us in the wings but for those on stage a nightmare. Dispirited but contemptuous, John Osborne disappeared to Italy and I returned to architecture, if not to such extravagant examples as The Palace. It was perhaps a

tiny compensation to me at least that the anticlimax to our weeks of work had occurred in such splendid surroundings. The theatre—built 1889-91 by a success-flushed Rupert D'Oyly Carte as an opera house—was technically highly advanced: it contained cantilever balconies of unprecedented dimensions, an early form of air-conditioning and an electrical switchboard claimed to be the most elaborate in existence. The architect-builder was called Holloway, but Sullivan called in Thomas Collcutt to provide the "architecture". Collcutt was the "patriot architect" (as Tennyson called him) of the Imperial Institute in South Kensington—of which only the cupola'd campanile remains. It is a fine monument to the Victorian age and it was no fault of his that nobody knew quite what it was actually for. The Palace opened on June 31, 1891, with Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe* but failed to attract support—and within a year owned up to what it looked like, a rather grand music hall. Pink-faced, richly attired in its Moorish Byzantine dress, it is one of London's finest theatres.

The Palace Theatre



Hugh Casson's London

yachts, while Mary, who was tiny, fluttered like a pinnace between them.

Outside, humming to itself like some great engine, was London... which to me meant Oxford Street and even more particularly Selfridges. Selfridges was my passion. In those days—the early 1920s—the lift girls were clothed in mauve riding habits—breeches, gaiters and white gold-pinned cravats. Strange mauve hats, pleated and peaked, were perched upon their curls. Impassive, imperious, glassy-eyed, miraculous, they ruled their tiny palaces (the golden lift gates are now in the London Museum) like goddesses in a Handel opera. No place on

earth—not even the Hornby section of Gamages—was so glorious as Selfridges... and if you wanted adventure-plus, there were in Oxford Street "pirate buses"—private enterprise vehicles that at your signal, even a child's, would swoop to the kerb and pick you up under the steaming radiator nose of the official LGOC line.

It was at Montagu Street that my sister and I were initiated into the ritualistic life patterns of middle-class Londoners . . . meals, in one room or another, striking as punctually as the gongs that announced their arrival . . . afternoon calls . . . coal scuttles brought up, trays taken down . . . curtains drawn back or closed—everything as regular as a minuet. We quickly found our own unchanging rhythm . . . breakfast in the kitchen . . .

"Have you been yet?" . . . playing with the service lift . . . Selfridges . . . lunch ... rest ... Selfridges or Hyde Park ... tea . . . reading The Railway Children in the bay window . . . biscuits and bed. It was a foretaste of the future. To the eyes of a child, London, for all its size and murmur, seemed a tiny enclosed world, seldom straved from, dependable in its attractions, strictly defined in its frontiers between poverty and wealth, architecturally logical (bricks for houses, pointed windows for churches, columns for commerce) and thus providing comfortingly recognizable landmarks to guide you home.

In later years—after retiring from India my father had become a lecturer at Southampton University—my visits to London became more schoolboy-solitary. They were easy to arrange.

Rival bus companies ran daily trips to London (5s return fare) and such was the competition they would pick you up and drop you back at home like giant taxis. Those trips, perhaps two each holidays, were escapes from home—the normal need to be occasionally alone—rather searches for metropolitan adventure. When, after that four-hour drive, we reached London I never visited "a sight" such as the Tower or Westminster Abbey. I just walked the streets, savouring that wonderful feeling (wonderful, of course, only if you have security and love behind you) of being alone, unknown and on your own, among a thousand others . . . and elated, too, by the knowledge that London wasn't just another city-

in a Handel opera. No place on rhythm...breakfast in the kitchen... solitary. They were easy to arrange. The National Theatre

grew up with this project. My uncle—the actor Lewis Casson—was, with Bernard Shaw, one of the original promoters and I remember the foundation stone being laid just by our present office in Thurloe Place. I saw it laid for the second time in 1951 on the South Bank near the Festival Hall and, for the third time, a few hundred yards downstream where it now stands.

The architects were chosen, as I well remember, by interview with a formidable and sharp-edged committee including Lord Olivier, the first Director. It was—as such things always are—an instructive experience, but in selecting Sir Denys Lasdun as architect the committee was correctly convinced that if a building is to be a work of art it must be under the control of an artist. From the outside it is a strong and deceptively simple building that commands its riverside site. The architects have treated the building like landscape—a stratified rocky outcrop that responds to the geometry of the streets and the river wall and connects at many levels to its surroundings. It has been criticized for its lack of external gaiety—it is built inside and out of grey untreated concrete, deliberately chosen by the architect to evoke the permanent and avoid the slick—and as it faces north there is not much

play of light and shade to enliven the strong modelling of terraces and stairtowers. It is sad, too, that it had to be kept back from the river wall. (Architecture always behaves well with its toes in the water—look at Udaipur, Leningrad or Venice.) But inside it works a treat and Londoners have quickly learned to use it and love it. The foyers are always crammed—young people squatting on the floor, tiny bands banging away under the staircases, plenty of bars and vantage points. Sometimes it's quite difficult to tear oneself from the party to see the play.

Today, of course, the architecture attracts less comment than the content. The building has been awarded the nicest of all compliments, affectionate public acceptance. The National Theatre, like Covent Garden, is one of the Arts Council's flagships. It eats, in some people's view, a disproportionately large portion of the government's annual subsidy to the arts. Every art-supporting government faces this conflict between "centres of established excellence"—or "art as glory"—and off-centre experimentalism, i.e. "art as welfare". Centres of excellence, say the critics, stifle change. Art as welfare, say the other critics, is usually self-indulgent and sacrifices quality. The debate continues.

once had a client who asked for her hall to be painted the colour of an October sunset shining on a Goldflake packet. This describes exactly the inflamed face of the Great Central Hotel which, clock-towered, bay-windowed and balconied, still commands the Marylebone Road without a rival in sight. Behind "looking", wrote Betjeman, "like a provincial branch public library", skulks the smallest of London's 12 termini only three working platforms and the last to arrive. Yet it was once the terminus of the magnificently named Grand Central Railway and the end, in every sense, of the ambitious dream of that great Victorian entrepreneur Sir Edward Watkin. Sir Edward was a cotton king who became besotted by railways. He managed the Manchester Sheffield Railway, was Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway and also of London's Metropolitan Railway... but the Grand Central was his favourite. He planned it as a link between Manchester and Paris. (He even started to build an Eiffel Tower at Wembley.) But the Grand Central was late in arriving (1899), the route was complicated and expensive, the rolling stock was extravagantly finished (they

pioneered buffet cars with painted ceilings and stained glass) and by the time the trains reached London the cash was exhausted.

In a last thrust of extravagance, Sir Edward built the Great Central Hotel—packed to the eaves with mosaics and mirrors, marble and mahogany, stained glass and gilded columns. An orchestra played in the Palm Court, white-gloved dancers circled decorously in the Wharncliffe Ballroom. Today it is the HQ of British Rail, the setting in which, each quarter, our advisory design panel meets in the stately splendour of some ex card-room or residents' lounge. The architect was Colonel R.W. Edis—who also designed part of the Great Eastern Hotel at Liverpool Street and the ballroom at Sandringham. It was virtually the last of London's great railway hotels. In their day they rivalled in opulence and elaborate architecture the great hotels of the Canadian Pacific. Today with their uneconomically high ceilings, lincrusta dadoes and elephantine bathtaps they fight for their lives, distilling their generosity of material and robustness of finish to a world grown accustomed to bedside tea-makers and veneered chipboard.



Queen Anne's Gate

very Wednesday morning, for something like 20 years—interrupted only by the war—I spent in No 9 Queen Anne's Gate, the office of the Architectural Press, first as an anonymous contributor to, and later editor of, a weekly column, and later joining Sir James Richards and Sir Nikolaus Pevsner on the editorial board of England's premier monthly, the Architectural Review. Peysner, a brisk, spectacled dynamo who knew the date and derivation of everything, kept us clear on the scholarly front. Richards, trained as an architect, was the experienced executive editor. Rather like my predecessor, Sir Osbert Lancaster, I was a fringe figure. All three of us were subject to the inventive but unpredictably explosive whims of the chairman, H. de C. Hastings, a crusty, brilliant eccentric—as hot-tempered, mercurial, lovable and infuriating as an editor in a movie. He had a sharp eye for talent—he gave John Betjeman his first job as a journalist and personally illustrated his first book of poems—cared passionately for architecture, though not at all for architects, and divided his time between his Sussex farm (where the animals, from cows to goats, were selected to match the scale of the fields in which they grazed) and his office at No 9 which he transformed behind its sedate, sash-windowed façade into a mirrored, dark-stained, jackdaw's nest ruled over by a stuffed lion. Here, deer-stalkered and houndstoothed, he sat drinking hock and seltzer, writing pamphlets and leaders, commissioning artists to illustrate his brainwaves, recalling for rewriting whole issues already sent to press. He would disappear for months at a time then reappear with

thousands of words and almost as many photographs.

No sign of this fantasy figure nor of his self-made setting disturb the serenity of Queen Anne's Gate—one of the best preserved bits of early 18th-century domestic architecture in London (1705)—garden wall-coloured bricks, black railings, white window bars and elaborately carved canopies over the panelled entrance doors, huddled like the houses in a cathedral close in the shadow of modern office blocks. Large-scale speculative building after the Great Fire encouraged uniformity, and London houses from 1666 to 1730 all looked much the same. The windows are all the same size—no grand first floor—and ornament is kept to keystones, door hoods and cornices. A statue of Queen Anne-said to have been intended for the church of St Mary-le-Strand—commands the twist in the street.

Hugh Casson's London

it was where it all was even if you couldn't actually catch sight of it . . . and so the whole place became a sort of World Fair, with strange pavilions and devices at every turn, clamorous, crowded, dizzying the eyes.

Late adolescence brought another change of attitude towards London. Undergraduate trips in term-time—brief, infrequent, nervous—meant Tutor's permissions and *exeats*. By now, too, the need not to be solitary but to be part of a group encouraged a new self-conscious, self-advertising behaviour—larky clothing and noisy car exhausts. Sporting those badges of timidity—long, striped college scarves—

we gathered defiantly outside pubs in our plus-fours. Terrified of tarts, frightened of waiters, uncertain of where everything was, we would, in the end, find sanctuary in a Corner House or a cinema. London this time looked a lot bigger and a lot less easy to deal with.

Not until 1932 did I start to become a Londoner—somebody who lives and works in London. I was still a period piece—conventional in taste, nervous of experiment, "sheltered", like Roy Fuller, "from poverty and hurt, from passion, tragedy and dirt". The idea of spending a vacation as a plongeur at the Ritz or an assistant at Woolworth's was inconceivable. Vacations were spent at home or staying with friends. It was a soft, enjoyable if smuggish existence, but London (and this was its glory) didn't care... so nor did we.

A fellow-architectural student, F, and I set up house together-first in Chelsea, then in Maida Vale, finally in Paddington. We were completing our studies in Bloomsbury . . . far away to the East it seemed and the London inbetween remained, since we were curiously incurious, largely unvisited. It did not take us long to discover that, although to the historian—and also to the visitor-London still seems a collection of villages separately identifiable, to the workers it is more like a close-knit pattern of connexions as familiar, well-trodden, ritualistic even as the forest paths and clearings of a savage tribe. Home, work, lunch place, pub, local supermarket and restaurant are all reference points to be recognized every day. The smallest disturbance, a road diversion, a shop closing,

the sacking of a waitress is as unwelcome as a blow.

Every man's London can only be a small one, torn and patched by events and changes in personal life but linked by familiar threads and signal systems and market buoys, as small as a creaking gate or as imposing as a viaduct. As an architect, I am ashamed to admit that my own "familiar" London still scarcely exceeds 5 miles in circumference . . . from Hampstead to the river and from Covent Garden to Chiswick. Even within that area there are acres and acres of streets and buildings that I have never, in 50 years of London living, set eyes on-nor probably ever will. To describe it as "My London" sounds pretentious as well as untruthful . . . yet, although it is shared by



ne of the extra pleasures of working at Westfield College, Hampstead, over the past 20 years has been catching regular sight of a delightful L-shaped house that spreads itself as comfortably as a long white cat on a sunny corner site. It was designed in 1895 for his father (then aged 92) by Charles Annesley Voysey, a key figure of the Arts and Crafts movement, austere and independently minded, who evolved a style for the multitude of houses he designed so personal that he became its prisoner. Big chimneys, huge sweeping roofs pulled down over buttressed walls, windows grouped in long horizontal bands, wide front doors—"doors," he said, "should suggest welcome . . . not like a coffin lid"—with heart shapes inset. Inside are low ceilings, white walls (or wall-

papers of his own design), simple furniture enlivened—in his view, anyway—by an occasional joky detail.

Voysey once listed the qualities he searched for: repose, cheerfulness, simplicity, breadth, warmth, quietness in storm, economy of upkeep, evidence of protection, harmony with surroundings, absence of dark passages, evenness of temperature. Well, yes, but also I suppose a touch of middle-class high-minded smugness, a whiff of Kate Greenaway and green-painted water-butts, a schoolmasterly rigour behind it all which occasionally chills.

Voysey built over 100 houses, but though a busy man he was never rich and he died poor (1941), still virtually unknown outside his own profession.



Hello?

How's it going with the Leading Lady? Still the "difference of opinion"? I think it'll be decided by two falls, two submissions or a knockout.

Prima donna.

She doesn't understand that you can't cut Shakespeare.

Just remember - all's well that ends well. Tell that to Lady Macbeth. I think, if the truth be known, she finds your Paco Rabanne irresistible. I saw the way she was looking at you during rehearsals. If I were a jealous person...

Shades of the Moor?

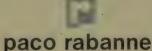
But then, she doesn't know all the things I know about you. Does she?... or does she?

Our relationship is purely professional.

If it weren't for the Paco Rabanne, I
might just believe you.



paco rabanne pour homme. What is remembered is up to you.



HIGHLAND PARK* fine old Orkney single malt whisky.



We don't let progress get in the way of anything.

The real Dick Whittington

by Gregory Holyoake. Photographs by Micky White

The story of Dick Whittington, a pauper who ran away to London to seek his fortune with the aid of his faithful cat, has delighted audiences since its first appearance in dramatic form in 1605. Unfortunately the printed version of this play has not survived, but the rags-to-riches tale has been presented in numerous other forms-ballad, verse, burlesque and puppet show—to entertain the public. Yet Dick Whittington is best remembered by most people as the hero of an English pantomime. Here the tale is particularly powerful because much of it is true. Although the antics of the cat may be fiction, there was certainly an adventurous medieval apprentice who rose from humble beginnings to become three times Mayor of London and benefactor of the City.

The real Richard Whittington was born in the early 1350s at Pauntley, a quiet hamlet in the heart of Gloucestershire. He was the son of Sir William Whittington by his second marriage, in 1352, to Joan, widow of Sir Thomas de Berkeley of nearby Coberley Hall. Soon after their marriage, Sir William was sued for debt and he died disgraced as an outlaw in March, 1358.

Sir William's lands and property passed first to his wife and then to his two eldest sons—William and Robert—by his earlier marriage. Pauntley was by no means a wealthy manor, being then assessed at a knight's fee (£20 per annum), so that life was a struggle for the twice-widowed Dame Joan. Possibly for this reason her infant son, Dick, was packed off to London to be apprenticed as a mercer.

Tradition asserts he walked all the way to London, but it is likely that he did not go penniless and that he was received into a merchant's household. According to one story, however, Dick Whittington was rescued from poverty by Sir John Paveley, Grand Prior of the Order of St John at Clerkenwell. The Tudor gateway of the Priory still stands, and is now the headquarters of the St John Ambulance Brigade. An alternative version relates how the youth was found by Alderman Fitzwarren as he lay asleep on the steps of the Royal Exchange in the heart of the City. As if to honour this legend a grand statue of Whittington attired in mayoral robes occupies a niche high up on the north façade of the present Victorian building, which is maintained jointly by the City Corporation and the Mercers' Company.

Sir Ivo Fitzwarren, whom fable converts into a London merchant, was a wealthy knight who owned considerable estates in the south-western counties: Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Somerset and Dorset. It is uncertain when his daughter, Alice, married



Statue of Richard Whittington by John Edward Carew in the Royal Exchange.

Richard Whittington but in August, 1402, Sir Ivo arranged to leave the couple certain lands in Wiltshire and Somerset upon his demise. Unfortunately Alice predeceased her father, so that his entire property passed to his sole surviving daughter, Alianor, and her husband.

The wool trade had brought great prosperity to the Fitzwarren family who were Lords of the Manor of Wantage. Oxfordshire. Many of them lie buried in the parish church dedicated to Saint Peter and Saint Paul where they engaged a priest to say Mass for their souls. Sir Ivo died on September 6, 1414, and is commemorated by a full-length brass now placed on the buttress in the north transept. He is depicted at prayer, dressed in plate armour and carrying all the knightly accoutrements—sword, gauntlets, spurs and tilting helm. Sir Ivo was a charitable man who left directions in his will that there should be no undue expense at his funeral. Rather that "they feed neighbours and other folk on the day of my buriel"

According to pantomime, Dick Whittington runs away from the Fitzwarren household because of his ill treatment by their cook. He flees to Highgate where he is recalled by the bells of Bow Church to seek fame and fortune in the city. A "Whittington Stone" on which sits a large granite cat marks the supposed site of Dick's resting place on Highgate Hill. It is a pity that the brief inscription perpetuates several inaccuracies—Whittington was never knighted nor was he created "Lord" Mayor. Two public houses in the vicinity—Whittington Stone and Whittington and Cat—have glorious inn signs depicting the pantomime character, but only the most gullible customers will believe that the mummified creature displayed above the bar in the latter tavern is the original cat.

Earliest reference to the City tune, "Turn Again Whittington", appears to be in Shirley's *Constant Maid* which dates from 1640. Yet there is no proof that St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, possessed a peal of bells in Whittington's lifetime. From Norman times onwards

a single curfew bell was tolled each evening at nine o'clock to signify the end of the apprentices' day. As the Great Bell of Bow ceased, the bells of all the other City churches struck up a mighty tintinnabulation which would certainly be heard as far away as Highgate Hill.

Confusion arises over the interpretation of the meaning of Dick Whittington's cat. According to the folk tale Dick sold his cat for a fortune to the King of Barbary whose country was overrun with rats. Attempts to explain away the animal are as ingenious as they are improbable: "cat" might be a corruption of the French verb, acheter (to buy); cats were sold at Leadenhall Market for killing rats aboard ships; or "catts" were tiny boats employed by the mercers for carrying goods along the rivers of London. A simple explanation might be that the future Mayor owned a cat of which he was inordinately fond.

Fact now takes over from fiction. Richard Whittington returned to London and began his career as a mercer which was to bring him unrivalled prosperity. Originally mercers (the name derives from the French word for "merchant") dealt in miscellaneous small goods-toys, haberdrugs and spices but eventually they specialized in wool and cloth. For a time they gained control over the trade in luxury fabrics such as velvet and silk. Early in the 14th century the Company of Mercers started to assemble in the Hospital of St Thomas à Becket, founded on the site of the present Mercers' Hall (a post-war building) in Cheapside.

On display in the vaults at Mercers' Hall are four splendid silver spoons which date from the early 15th century. Each spoon is engraved on the back of the bowl with the arms of Richard Whittington and they have unusually heavy gilding on the knops. From an inventory in the Company's possession ("item: xii silver spoons with gilte knobbes") it can be assumed that these spoons once formed part of a set of 12 presented to Whittington College by their benefactor.

As predicted by the bells, Richard Whittington's rise to fame was spectacular. This is well attested by the records. In 1379, when he was probably only in his early 20s, he had sufficient funds to contribute five marks to a City loan and a little later on he was surety to the Chamberlain for £10 towards the defence of the City. Through his three-fold career—as a mercer, money lender and wool exporter—he amassed a fortune. The secret of his wealth lay in the fact that he kept his money on the move. He invested wisely, lent freely to the Crown and was generous to

The real Dick Whittington

charitable concerns. His benevolence brought its own rewards: public respect, position in authority and involvement in political intrigue.

In his capacity as a mercer, he specialized in luxury fabrics. His sumptuous wares attracted eminent patrons, among them the Earl of Derby, later Henry IV, who acquired velvets and damasks for his household. Richard II on a wild spending spree lavished £3,000 on costly materials—cloths of gold, damasks, taffetas and velvets—for the Great Wardrobe. As Court Mercer during the succeeding reign Whittington was commissioned to supply bridal outfits for Henry IV's daughters, Blanche and Philippa, when they were married abroad. By then Whittington's reputation, and his fortune, were secure.

Whittington's prosperity was reflected in his civic life. In 1384 he became a member of the Common Council as a representative of Coleman Street Ward; and he was made an Alderman for Broad Street Ward in 1393 when he was chosen as Sheriff for the ensuing year. Surprisingly, he only once represented London in Parliament—in 1416.

When Adam Bamme, the Mayor, died in office in the summer of 1397, Richard II appointed Whittington to fill the vacancy. It was an inspired choice—Whittington was popular with both king and commoner—and it helped to keep the peace during a turbulent period in the history of London. The two Richards became firm friends and the mercer was invited to extend his mayoralty into the following year.

When Richard was deposed in 1399, Henry IV, who had already befriended Whittington, continued his good favour towards him by repaying all his loans from the previous reign. He even borrowed occasionally from the mercer when he felt the need. Eventually Whittington's loans to the Crown totalled several thousand pounds. As a security, Whittington was elected Mayor of the Staple at London and Calais, and a collector of the customs and subsidy in both ports, so that by chance he strayed into the wool trade, which was perhaps his most lucrative source of income.

All this time he continued to hold civic offices. He was appointed three times master of the Mercers' Company, and Mayor of London again in 1406. When he was elected Mayor for the third and last time in 1419-20 his Guild was especially lavish in their provision of minstrels, escorts and dinners on the day he took his oath—October 28, 1419.

Dame Alice died childless in the early years of the 15th century leaving Whittington free to devote his wealth to charity. Through his generosity London received its first supply of fresh water, brought in lead pipes from Tyburn to Cornhill, and acquired an



Emblem of the Mercers' Company on Mercers' Hall, Cheapside, EC2. Right, Whittington's burial place, St Michael Paternoster Royal, College Street, EC4.

early drinking fountain by the insertion of a bosse, or tap into the churchyard wall of St Giles, Cripplegate.

Whittington established the first public library at Greyfriars, in 1421, spending £400 on books. Part of the original building, which measured 129 feet long by 31 feet broad, exists on the north side of the great cloister of Christ's Hospital. Further, he handed over Leadenhall, where corn was once stored in case of famine, to the Corporation, and opened Blackwell Hall as a weekly market place for the sale of "all sorts of wollen clothes, broade and narrow, brought from all partes of this Realme, there to be solde".

His generosity was by no means confined to the metropolis for it is recorded that he made a donation to the building of the bridge and adjoining chapel at Rochester and, according to his biographer, Samuel Lysons, he contributed to the repair of Gloucester Cathedral. Certainly this Cathedral of his native county bears the Whittington coat-of-arms in the side chapel dedicated to Saint Edmund.

Many of his benefactions begun in his lifetime were continued after his demise. St Bartholomew's Hospital in Smithfield, founded in 1102 for the care of sick and lame paupers, was repaired at his expense, and the Guildhall was restored and enlarged by drawing on his estate in the second quarter of the 15th century. The Banqueting Hall of the Guildhall displays a particularly fine stained-glass window of its benefactor.

Numerous prisoners having perished in Newgate "by reason of the fetid and corrupt atmosphere", the cramped gaol was rebuilt under his direction and completed after his death. By their diligence his executors, who included John Carpenter, the scholarly Town Clerk of London, ensured that Richard Whittington should not be numbered with those that "have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been, and are become as though they had never been born".



Whittington's most famous gesture was a stupendous loan to Henry V to maintain the Siege of Harfleur as part of his Agincourt campaign. At a celebratory banquet Whittington is supposed to have converted his loan into a gift by thrusting his Sovereign's bonds into the fire-an incident which is entirely imaginary. As a mark of his esteem, however, Henry V made Whittington responsible for the restoration of Westminster Abbey, a project begun under Richard II. A striking stained-glass window by J. Ninian Comper dating from 1913 is to be seen in the north aisle of the nave of the Abbey. Henry V is depicted in full armour and beneath a tiny statuette of Richard Whittington appears his legendary cat-depicted as a ginger

At the height of his prosperity Richard Whittington owned several properties in the City, the grandest of which was the rambling dwelling that stood on College Hill leading from Cannon Street to Upper Thames Street. Built in 1422, this sprawling mansion was destroyed in the Great Fire and replaced by the present edifice which dates from 1680. By happy chance, this 17th-century building became the Lord Mayor's official residence before the Mansion House was

built. Whittington's extensive cellars remain, surprisingly, a confusing warren of barrel-roofed tunnels now used as a wine bar and restaurant.

Next door stood the small and dilapidated church of St Michael Paternoster Royal. ("Royal" is a corruption of "la Riola", a wine centre near Bordeaux with which the vintners in the area traded.) This church Whittington undertook to restore and refurbish at his own expense, presumably to provide a fitting burial place for his wife, Alice, and himself. The original church perished in London's Great Fire and was rebuilt in 1694 by Christopher Wren's master mason, Edward Strong. All but the shell of this building was destroyed by enemy action in the Second World War. It has since been reconstructed to house the central offices of the Missions to Seamen.

Richard Whittington died early in 1423: "One bitter day of March cut down". He was laid to rest on the north side of the high altar beside his wife in the parish church he had beautified. Stowe relates how Whittington had the peculiar distinction of being three times buried: first by his executors under a fair monument; then in the reign of Edward VI the parson, thinking some great riches to have been buried with him, rifled the tomb





for treasure; and finally his body was unearthed, lapped in lead and reinterred in the reign of Queen Mary.

The site of this magnificent tomb, of plain marble adorned with banners and bearing a Latin inscription, has never been traced even though excavations were made earlier this century with the express purpose of finding it. A stained-glass window set into the southern wall serves as a modern memorial. It depicts a youthful Whittington dressed in flat cap and long, buttoned gown with a stick holding a speckled kerchief carelessly thrown over his shoulder. He is accompanied by his loyal cat—this time a proud tabby. Above is a representation of the seal of the Mayor with heraldry on either side. Beyond lies the medieval City of London whose fabled streets are paved with gold.

Stowe preserved a translation of the Latin inscription of Whittington's epitaph:

"Sweet as the spikenard's odours rise
In fragrant columns to the skies,
So sweet and fragrantly we see
Ascend this Richard's memory.
He loved that City to adorn
Whose dignities he'd nobly worn.
A model merchant prince was he,
Of high souled liberality.
Richard, on all thy bounties thou did

Richard, on all thy bounties thou didst pour.

Christ be thy spirit's rest for evermore."

In his will dated September 5, 1421, Richard Whittington directed his executors to sell his property to raise money for the foundation of an almshouse for 13 "nedy and devoute pore folke" and the collegiation of his parish church of St Michael. The college was to be built adjoining the church and dedicated to "St Spirit and St Mary". It was to employ five priests, one of whom was to be "tutor", who were exhorted to pray for the souls of himself, his wife, his family and his friend, Richard II.

The almshouse was to be entrusted to the care of the Mercers' Company who would provide each inmate with "a Celle or a litell house with a chymene and a pryvey". Moreover, they were to be supplied with every conceivable necessity for a comfortable life



The Whittington Stone and, top, the Whittington and Cat, Highgate Hill. Left, the Whittington window, Guildhall.

including warm clothing "derke and broune of color". A copy of the Ordinances survives, preserved at Mercers' Hall, headed by a tinted drawing of Whittington on his deathbed surrounded by his executors, bedesmen and inhabitants of the almshouse.

At the Reformation the college was abandoned and the name became attached to the almshouse. "Whittington College" remained on the same site until it removed to Highgate in 1824. Recently it was resited at Felbridge, near East Grinstead, Sussex. The 15th-century trust continues to accrue money so that the present magnificent estate provides accommodation for 65 retired professional people and includes recreational rooms, staffing hostels and a chapel presided over by a "tutor" who acts as chaplain. Whittington College is set in delightful grounds, prominent in which is an enchanting statue by Carew of the young apprentice harkening to the chimes of London's bells.

Richard Whittington's bequests to the City encompassed the whole range of medieval charity—prisoners, paupers, monasteries, hospitals and the fabric of churches. His spirit of adventure, industry and generosity finds admirable expression in his story contained in London's own pantomime.

A record of kingfishers





These illustrations are from the first volume of a major natural history monograph, Kingfishers and Related Birds, recently published by Lansdowne-Rigby International. The text is by the Australian ornithologist Joseph M. Forshaw, the magnificent illustrations by his compatriot William T. Cooper, a collaboration which has already resulted in three other acclaimed books on birds. The order Coraciiformes, the kingfishers, embraces birds of widely varied form distributed through the world. It includes beeaters, rollers, hoopoes and hornbills.

The kingfishers work is in a limited edition of 1,000, each signed and numbered, and will consist of three parts, each in two volumes. Publication, at the rate of one volume a year, will extend until 1988. The price of each volume of Part I is £450.

Above, Little Kingfishers, Alcyone pusilla pusilla, painted in Papua, New Guinea. Little Kingfishers feed on small fishes, crustaceans and insects. The sexes are alike, immatures duller.

Above right, Belted Kingfishers, Ceryle alcyon, painted on Shelter Island, New York. The female is at the top. The birds breed in Canada and the United States and feed mainly on fish.

Right, Dwarf Kingfishers: Black-backed, Ceyx erithacus erithacus; Bluecrowned, Ceyx fallax fallax; Rufousbacked, Ceyx rufidorsus; and Philippine, Ceyx melanurus platenae.

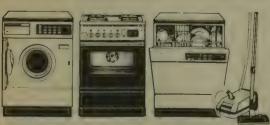
Opposite, Banded Kingfishers, *Lacedo* pulchella melanops, and female and male *Lacedo* pulchella pulchella. These scarce birds are insectivorous.





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Telling only the sunshine time

Research by Oliver Gero. Photographs by Anne Cardale

"I only tell the sunny hours" is a message often found on a sundial. Indeed, when clouds gathered our ancestors would have had to guess at the time, for no sun—no shadow, whose length indicated the time of day. Gnomons, consisting merely of a vertical stick or pillar as shadow-thrower, date from about 3500 BC. The first sundial proper, inscribed with a time scale of six divisions, survives from the eighth century BC. It is Egyptian and made of green schist. The Chaldean astronomer Berosus, who lived about 300 BC, invented the hemicycle, which consisted of a hollow hemisphere horizontally aligned and with a central style. While the sun was above the horizon the shadow of the point fell on the inside of the hemisphere and followed a circular arc. The arc was divided into 12 equal sections to indicate 12 time intervals, and a series of curves were drawn marking the course of the shadow through different periods of the year; the periods thus arrived at were called temporary hours. A hemicyclic dial was found in Pompeii, for the dial of Berosus remained in use for centuries. The shadow clocks illustrated on these pages are less ancient—the oldest dates from 1695, the most recent from 1982—but they are all to be found in the Greater London area and they exhibit between them considerable variety of style and complexity.



Bronze sundial with ornate gnomon dating from about 1730. In the gardens of the Inner Temple, WC2.



Bronze sundial made for the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977. National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.



A west-declining black-painted wall dial with numerals and decoration in gold leaf. Its motto urges us to "Watch and pray". On a building opposite the church in Wandsworth Plain, SW18.



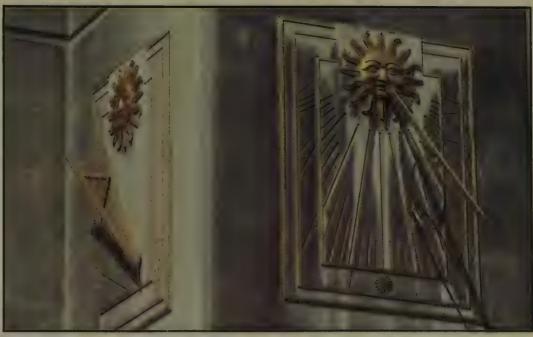
A copy, made in 1957, of a 17th-century east-declining south-facing stone dial, alongside a mechanical clock. The motto means "As life is, so is death". On Chelsea Old Church, Chelsea Embankment, SW3.



Gilded stone dial bearing 'Morden College's foundation date. Morden College, Blackheath, SE3.



Stainless steel equatorial sundial, made in 1973. By the Tower Hotel, St Katharine's Way, E1.



Pair of declining sundials carved into the wall of the former Sun Alliance building in Cheapside. They were made in 1957. Cheapside at the corner of Milk Street, EC2.



The late 18th-century wall dial facing the entrance to the yard of the former Whitbread brewery carries a resigned motto. This dial was probably renovated in the 19th century. In Chiswell Street, EC1.



The Marine Society Nautical Institute dial, unveiled by the Queen in 1979. At 202 Lambeth Road, SE1.



Maltese cross dial, each edge of the cross acting in turn as style. Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew.



Four sundials set around the square tower of St Margaret's, Westminster, and dating from 1982. The dials are of stainless steel, lettering and numerals are platinum leafed. St Margaret's, Westminster, SW1.

The Palace on Wheels

by David Tennant. Photographs by Fritz von der Schulenburg

Travelling by rail in India is not just a means of transport. It is a highly rewarding experience. The country has the world's second largest network—and as far as passengers are concerned certainly its busiest—and when you step on a train there, whether a comfortable, air-conditioned express or a crowded local service, you are at once enveloped in the Indian way of life. The British may have engineered the railways on the sub-continent but the Indians built them, largely ran them even in the days of Empire and today are justifiably proud of them.

It was a wise move therefore that led the Ministry of Railways and the Rajasthan Tourism Corporation to create the "Palace on Wheels" which in the cooler months from October to March follows a fascinating seven-day circuit through that former princely state. The carriages of this unique train were built for viceroys, maharajahs, rajahs and their entourages. Some were rescued from oblivion and certain destruction, one or two have been borrowed from their princely owners and others have been re-converted after years of ordinary use. These coaches epitomize rail travel in the grand style of many decades ago and all are vintage stock, the oldest dating from 1898.

They were restored to their former splendour at a cost of under £500,000, a remarkably cheap figure. Built to run on the metre gauge systems, each carriage bears the coat of arms of its original railway with names like "Bombay, Baroda and Central Indian", "Mewar State" and "Jodhpur Railway", evoca-



tive of by-gone days. There is an elegant dining car and annex, the décor of which might have graced a room in a rajah's palace, and an observation lounge car complete with a tiny polished wood bar and plush-cushioned sofas.

The sleeping cars accommodate from six to 12 passengers in single (but few of these), twin- (usually with a spacious lower berth and a tight-fitting upper one) and four-berth cabins, the last normally carrying two unless the train is full. Each has its own compact lounge and two lavatories fitted with showers which require considerable dexterity to operate. Most unusual of all is the staffing arrangement, whereby each car has a "Saloon Captain" and assistant who act as general factotums, keep the place spick and span, provide tea and cool drinks with alacrity, and each morning cook a full breakfast in their minuscule kitchen, serving it on a tray in your cabin or in the lounge.

The coaches, as was the custom on Indian trains for many years, are not corridor so you have to wait until a convenient stop—luckily, there are many—if you want to move along the train. But that is really no disadvantage. Some of the earlier publicity for this splendid enterprise extolled it as a chance to experience "the glories of India in the lap of luxury". Of the glories there is no doubt although the luxury may sometimes fall short of expectation. But it is a wonderful adventure trip, an unforgettable week.

The route starts and finishes at Delhi, going to Jaipur, Udaipur, then far west to Jaisalmer in the great desert of Thar, back to Jodhpur and on eastwards to Bharatpur, the ghost city of Fatehpur Sikri and finally Agra for the incomparable Taj Mahal. It is a cruise

on rails: you sleep on board, are on the move each night barring one, and go on sight-seeing trips by coach from the principal stops. At these without fail we were greeted in near-regal style with banners, flowers, musicians and smiling officials, together with hundreds of wide-eyed spectators for whom this train has become something of a legend.

My trip began on a sultry night at Delhi's cantonment station where the long, cream-coloured train was headed by a magnificent locomotive, the Desert Queen (a 2-8-2 YG class, for the enthusiast), oozing smoke, steam and nostalgia. Officials rushed about allocating berths on a somewhat chaotic system which by the second day finally sorted itself out. In the end I was lucky to get a berth in the smallest carriage which held only six. Built in 1907 for the Maharajah of Porbandar it had one additional advantage—a tiny open-air observation balcony, ideal for sightseeing, photography and talking with lineside bystanders. Our two young attendants, Deepak and Lahar Singh, maroon-turbaned Rajputs, could not have been more solicitous.

At the aptly named Pink City of Jaipur we explored the vast palace and its exquisitely beautiful audience hall while scores of monkeys screeched abuse at each other and us from the roofs and towers. After a stroll through the jammed streets we ascended on the backs of ornately decorated elephants to the massive Amber Palace, high above the city.

It was hot next day when we





The lounge of the smallest carriage, above left, has its own observation platform, but there is an observation lounge car for all the passengers, above right.

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The Palace on Wheels

arrived at Udaipur so the short boat ride across the mirror-calm lake on the city's edge was most welcome. Our destination was the entrancing Lake Palace Hotel. Built in the 17th century as a royal residence, largely of pure white marble, it has been superbly well converted to a de luxe hotel. Occupying all of a tiny island, it looks out towards the city and the extraordinary 300- and 400-year-old "skyscraper" buildings rising sheer from the water's edge. That evening in one of the hotel courtyards filled with flowers and twinkling lights we dined under the stars to the accompaniment of beguiling Indian music.

From there the journey took us north-west through the spectacular Aravalli Range of mountains, gaunt and rugged, the train, now dieselhauled, grinding up and down steep valleys, plunging in and out of tunnels and over deep gorges. An hour or two later we were heading into the flat scrub desert where at one point I saw a turbaned camel rider jogging along under a lady's bright blue umbrella. protecting himself from the few spots of rain. Here I rode the footplate (any passenger can do so) for an hour, an exhilarating experience in spite of the heat, dust and deafening whistle.

Jaisalmer, right out in the desert, is instantly impressive with its massive ochre walls—hence its nickname, the Golden City. It was once the most important trading post in Rajputana and its merchants grew rich and built themselves mansions of mellow sandstone and decorated them with ornate facades and filigree windows and balconies. Many are still in near perfect condition although they are as old as



The elegant dining car, staffed by brightly turbaned Rajputs.

some of our great cathedrals. Temples abound with hundreds of statues of the Buddha from the tiniest to three times life size. The city's history is one of much bloodshed, pillage and tragedy, told with relish by our guide in richly colloquial English.

It was a relief later in the day to ride out by coach into the desert and take off for a short camel safari across enormous sand dunes which "sang" in the breeze as the wind whipped up the fine grains. We had been promised a Technicolor sunset but thick clouds blotted that out.

By the time we reached Jodhpur all clouds had vanished and under a blaz-

ing midday sun the vastness of the palace-fortress there, adorned with rich stone carvings, seemed even more overwhelming. As I walked round its battlements with the cannon still intact, eagles and vultures circled overhead. At the main gate are the imprints of 15 pairs of hands embedded in a wall. They are the bizarre mementoes of the widows of a maharajah who died in 1834 and who then threw themselves in ritual sacrifice on to his funeral pyre.

At dawn the next day we arrived at the Bharatpur Bird Sanctuary. Here we floated through a complex of treelined waterways, once a rajah's hunting area, now the undisturbed home for thousands of colourful birds. It was movingly beautiful as the morning mist slowly lifted and the sun rose in a cloudless sky. The bird chorus was alien but absorbing to western ears.

En route to Agra we spent a few hours at Fatehpur Sikri, for 14 years at the end of the 16th century the palacecity capital of the Mogul empire until its water supply ran out. Today it stands perfectly preserved, inhabited only by tourists and pestering souvenir sellers. The Taj Mahal lives up to, indeed exceeds, expectation. It made a fitting end to our tour.

It was, however, the passing scene and the small incidents as much as the great sights which made that week so memorable: flocks of wild peacocks along the track; "holy" cattle wandering about a busy railway junction; the dazzling colours of the Rajput women's saris; the stations, always crowded both day or night—and above all the smiles in spite of the poverty. This was especially true of the children and my great regret was that I had not taken a supply of ball-point pens as these were by far the most sought after souvenirs.

Some have criticized the "Palace on Wheels" as giving the visitor a false picture of India, of insulating him or her from the country as it really is. I do not agree. While it is true that you live in a style that most Indians can only imagine or at best witness from the sidelines, this tour provides the intelligent traveller with an unusual insight into this fascinating country.

Further information from Palace on Wheels Information Service, 23 Ramillies Place, London W1V 2HL (tel 439 4461). Indian Government Tourist Office, Cork Street, London W1X 2AB (tel 437 3677).







A chance to ride the footplate is an added attraction of travelling on the Palace on Wheels, which is given a warm welcome by day and night all along its route.

The Starhemberg collection

by Devendra P. Varna





The Schauerromantik, or "horrorromanticism", of the 18th century originated when Horace Walpole, sleeping one midsummer night beneath his stucco pinnacles at Strawberry Hill, dreamt of a giant hand in armour. In this dream was born the first Gothic

story, The Castle of Otranto (1764).

Walpole's *Otranto* was the prelude to a line of novels as unending as the spectral show of Banquo's progeny. It anticipated the genteel shudderings of Clara Reeve's *The Old English Baron* (1777) and Ann Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), set the scene for the crazy phantasmagoria of William Beckford's *Vathek* (1786) and the prurient nightmares of Matthew Lewis's *The Monk* (1796), while its properties were to receive touches of genius at the hands of Scott and Byron, Coleridge and Poe.

The resurgence of interest in lost and forgotten Gothic romances, and in novelists like Walpole, Radcliffe, Lewis, Charles Robert Maturin, William Godwin, Mary Shelley, Bram Stoker and Sheridan Le Fanu has provoked new scholarship, criticism and interpretation. For readers who relish

Contessa Franziska, Princess of Arenberg (1764-1838), and her husband, Prince Ludwig Starhemberg of Austria (1762-1833), collectors of Gothic novels.

the sensation of suspense and fear, the awful apprehension of supernatural mystery or psychic dread, these romances offer a wealth of delight. The Gothic romance reflects the innate spring of cruelty in man, exploits social upheaval, mirrors primeval emotions, paints exotic settings and plumbs the depths of the subconscious mind.

Its scenes are set in haunted castles, ruined abbeys, dim cathedrals and desolate cemeteries; the backdrops are dense forests, towering crags, foaming cascades, bleak mountain passes, frozen wastes and thunder storms; mysterious scrolls unfold tales of diabolical villains and persecuted maidens. These are stories of rape, incest and murder, of damnation and hauntings by demons and supernatural beings, of monsters, vampires and werewolves. The pages of Gothic fiction turn with a ghostly flutter.

Often dismissing them slightingly as ephemeral literature of sensationalism and cheap thrills, the Victorians labelled the Gothics as lacking in "high

seriousness". But modern critics discover deeper meanings and profound human experiences beneath those surface terrors, and Freudian psychology brings to light in the Gothic romance the suppressed erotic and neurotic impulses of society. The haunted castle, spiral staircases and dark dungeons are all viewed now, in the words of Dr J. M. S. Tompkins, Professor of English at London University, as symbols "of anxiety, the dread of oppression and of the abyss, the response to the political and religious insecurity of disturbed times". Michael Sadleir, the writer and publisher, saw in this literature "a deep subversive impulse" similar to the French Revolution.

Sadleir's collection of Gothic novels eventually went to the University of Virginia. Montague Summers had also assembled a rare Gothic library recently rediscovered by Timothy d'Arch Smith and now held by a Canadian collector. But few scholars have even heard of the most priceless Gothic collection, which predates those of

Summers and Sadleir, built up by an Austrian prince in the early 19th century.

Ludwig Joseph Maximilian Starhemberg (1762-1833), a prince of the Austrian aristocratic blood, was appointed Ambassador to London in 1793. His sojourn in Britain until 1810 coincided with the efflorescence of the Gothic movement. His wife, the handsome Contessa Marie Louise Franziska, the Princess of Arenberg (1764-1838), was an exact contemporary of Ann Radcliffe and an avid reader of Gothic romances. She took home from Britain several English novels published between 1773 and 1825, including some rare Gothic romances of the Minerva Press. Most of the items of her collection are extremely rare today.

Prince Starhemberg retired to his castle on the Danube and, before enriching the schloss library, the Contessa had several romances bound in an unusual pale blue, pale red, or green half calf by Austrian craftsmen and German bookbinders. Reposing in massive bookcases these volumes survived in excellent condition for more than 150 years. The library was ***

The Starhemberg collection

eventually dispersed, and the books fell into the hands of a European bookseller who transacted business in Germany and Britain, to be finally auctioned in London.

An oil painting of Contessa Franziska adorns the walls of Schloss Eferding. Her expression of cold command and the intelligent twinkle of her eyes have been beautifully captured by the painter. Educated in a French abbey, and having cultivated a love for music and languages, she grew up a refined and cultured lady who married Starhemberg at the age of 17.

Schloss Eferding, famed for its collection of antiques and heraldic armour, the ancient residence of princely Starhembergs, stands in the fertile Danube valley between Passau and Linz. Its long vaulted passages are hung from one end to the other with enormous paintings depicting the military exploits of Austria and portraits of 'Austrian generals and military leaders dating back to the days of the Holy Roman Empire. At the bottom of each portrait their deeds of heroism are decoratively inscribed.

Starhemberg's last favourite abode was his picturesque and historic castle at Dürnstein which dates back to 3000 BC. It was given by Henry II of Germany in AD 1002 to the Benedictine monks. In 1645 Dürnstein was captured by the Swedes who devastated the castle and left it in ruins, after which the Devil was supposed to have lived there. The story goes that one day a knife-sharpener slept in the ruins despite warnings from the villagers. At midnight the audacious fellow was cracking nuts when the Devil appeared and demanded some. The man gave him pebbles instead, which Satan was unable to split, so the knife-sharpener volunteered to sharpen the Devil's teeth but instead put his head into a vice. To be liberated the Devil promised to leave Dürnstein castle for ever.

It was in the new schloss that Starhemberg lived during his retirement, enjoying the pleasures of intellectual pursuits, surrounded by his precious books. His life came to a peaceful close in Schloss Dürnstein on September 2, 1833, and he was buried in Eferding.

Starhemberg's diaries, letters and private papers are of great interest. He was fluent in German, French and English. His diaries record his reactions to contemporary life, art, aesthetics, politics and society. Besides providing a peep into his diplomatic career, these firmly establish his involvement in music, drama and the cultural life of London. Its pages reveal his reading tastes, as well as his aesthetic and romantic sensibility. He notes his connexions with Strawberry Hill, narrates interesting anecdotes about his friends and mistresses, and records his meetings with antiquarians, booksellers and novelists; he also recounts



Schloss Eferding, the ancestral home of the Starhembergs. Right, the beautifully bound Gothic novels of the Starhemberg collection are still in excellent condition.

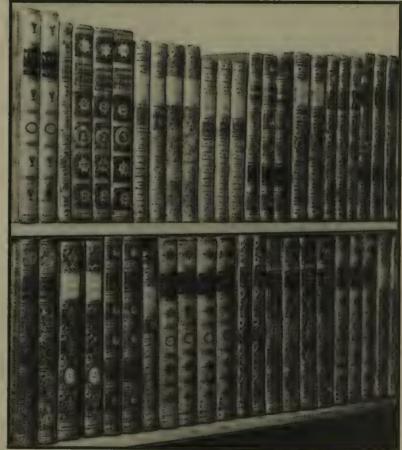
his acquisition of paintings and musical instruments, and finally charts the fantastic story of his Gothic collection.

Well versed in the classical languages, and steeped in contemporary literature, he mastered the sciences of his day and was gifted with an excellent memory. A widely travelled man, he had met Goethe in 1807, and sojourned briefly in Italy to improve his knowledge of the Italian tongue. His pleasing personality, amiable demeanour, and his witty, sparkling and lively conversation won him many friends. Attractive and handsome, his eyes exerted a magnetism and hypnotic charm upon the ladies.

In some way he may be likened to an Austrian Walpole, for he built Gothic castles in Austria, was an expert in architecture, as well as a connoisseur of fine arts. He knew Beethoven and Haydn and admired their works. Mozart was a dear friend, whom he supported financially and provided with lodgings in his own garden-house.

During his sojourn in Britain as Ambassador, Starhemberg was closely associated with the then Prince of Wales (later George IV), knew Sheridan and William Wyndham Granville, cousin of the younger Pitt. He owned a country home in Twickenham near Walpole's Strawberry Hill, where Austrians visiting England were very hospitably entertained.

Starhemberg's Gothic collection is matchless in content, quality of preservation and external appearance. Hardly worn by time, scarcely ruffled by human hands, all the items are of such untouched freshness that even the gilt edges of the volumes stick together



as when released from the press of the book-binder. Even the exotic hand-written pictorial catalogue survives. Only a collector with Starhemberg's wealth and taste could, during years of devastating wars, have afforded to build and maintain a rare library of such precious bindings. The elegant and sensitive symphony of colours, the subdued copper engravings, the art and craftsmanship of bindings reflect an important era of great interest to both the collector and the researcher.

In Britain Starhemberg had engaged the services of the master-binder

Charles Hering of 34, St Martin Street. The volumes bound in Austria by the craftsman C. F. Kraus of Vienna reflect the typical 18th-century taste for rich and brilliant gold-ornamented backs and contain coloured Viennese design papers. Other bindings were done by Christian Samuel Kalfhoeber, born in Berlin, who contributed some masterly, gold-decorated specimens.

Apart from the Gothic rarities, the Starhemberg collection also contains the *Ritterräuber* romances, books on the black art, the occult and the popular German *Schauerroman*.

Two literary ladies

by Wendy Trewin

Mrs Felicia Hemans and Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon both wrote popular verse and were at the height of their fame during the 1820s and 30s. Both wrote prolifically, and for money: Felicia Hemans in order to bring up five sons, Letitia Landon (known as L.E.L.) to support her widowed mother.

It is hard for us to understand why they should have turned to poetry as a money-maker, even less explicable that their romantic outpourings should have sold so well and impressed their betters. L.E.L.'s sentimental verses were greeted in some quarters as signs that a second Byron had arrived; Shelley wanted to correspond with the youthful Felicia; and, later, Wordsworth described her work as "sweet as the spring, as ocean deep". It is not only for the rhyme's sake that Charles Lamb included Letitia in his couplet: "The soft First Effusions of Beaux and

Belles
Of future Lord Byrons and sweet

They were well paid. John Murray gave Felicia 200 guineas for the printed version of her drama, *The Vespers of*

version of her drama, The Vespers of Palermo (though it failed lamentably in the theatre).

Both began to compose rhymes in childhood and the habit continued; professionally, they were born at the right time, catching in mid-career the fashion for the "annual" or gift-book. These ephemeral publications, German in origin, looked elegant on the

contemporary equivalent of the coffee table and sold in thousands. Printed on tinted paper with covers made of silk, morocco leather or velvet, they were heavily illustrated by the day's best-

known artists.

Felicia Hemans, née Browne, suffered from too early exposure. When she was only 14 her parents unwisely published her verses; though harsh reviews distressed the sensitive girl, they did not stem the flow. As Othello says of Desdemona who with a greedy ear would "devour up my discourse", so Felicia listened to her brothers' tales when they returned from the Peninsular War, and those of Captain Alfred Hemans, an Irishman who had served with his regiment in Spain. Against her family's wishes she married him. This was in 1812 when she was 19; six years and five sons later he left for Rome, ostensibly for health reasons. Felicia remained in Wales and on her mother's death offered to join him, but he refused: they never met again. As his surname appeared on title-pages of her best-selling volumes his estranged wife gave this obscure figure fame of a

kind. Curiously, her family denied persistently that the marriage, though imprudent, was unhappy.

Her work reached readers who knew nothing of the Lyrical Ballads, or of Keats or Shelley. Many of her shorter pieces have a patriotic strain. It has been the fashion to laugh at the most enduring, Casabianca, the ballad of the boy who stood on the burning deck. How many who have laughed, or have been stirred, know the meaning of its title? It is the name of an officer of the French Navy who, with his son, refused to desert his ship at the Battle of the Nile.

When Felicia attempted a verse tragedy in five acts, The Vespers of Palermo, which was produced at Covent Garden on December 12, 1823, she knew nothing about the theatre. She remained at home for the first night, and two days elapsed before the news of its reception reached her at St Asaph, North Wales. Having ordered newspapers, her family, friends and neighbours besieged the local post office at midnight. The boys lay awake waiting "to hear about Mama's play"; perhaps the bitterest mortification came when she had to go up to tell them the news. The play had been withdrawn; some people thought that Fanny Kelly's performance had ruined it. After Felicia's death, Macready, the great tragedian, wrote in his journal: "Read Mrs Hemans's Crusaders, which leads me to think that if I had known her in life, and she had consulted me instead of that thick-headed man, C. Kemble, or that puppy, Mr Harness, she would have written a successful tragedy. This is vain, but I feel confident of it. She only wanted the occasional hint of some person acquainted with stage effect in composition.'

Scott tried to save *The Vespers of Palermo* by contributing an epilogue when it was performed with slightly more success in Edinburgh. He entertained Felicia at Abbotsford, and in his journal for 1829 he noted: "Had the pleasure of a long walk with a lady well-known in the world of poetry, Mrs Hemans. She is young and pretty and the mother of five children as she tells me. There is taste and spirit in her conversation. My daughters are critical and call her *blue* but I think they are hypercritical."

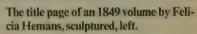
During another walk, on seeing them approach, two tourists retreated and Scott said, smiling, "Ah! Mrs Hemans, they little know what two lions they are running away from!" On her last day Felicia wrote: "This has been, I was going to say one of the happiest—but I am too isolated to use that



word—one of the pleasantest, and most cheerfully exciting of my life."

She also visited Wordsworth who found her socially exhausting: "Her conversation like that of many literary ladies, was too elaborate and studied, and perhaps the simplicity of her character is impaired by the homage which has been paid her."

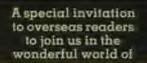
In the Edinburgh Review Lord Jef-



frey predicted immortality for her; Professor Andrews Norton published her collected works in America where she was as widely anthologized as in England—so much so that a reputable reference book calls her "the American poetess", and when Harriet Martineau went to the States in 1836 she found that Mrs Hemans was a favourite writer though they had "scarcely heard of Byron".

For the sake of her sons' education she moved to Wavertree, Liverpool, where she was persecuted by sight-seers—especially, wrote a friend, "by the homage of importunate young ladies brandishing their autograph albums". When she died, aged 42, several of her contemporary poetesses commemorated her in verse; among them—L.E.L.

Best-selling verses apart, the two poetesses had little in common. While Felicia spent most of her life in the country, Letitia swirled through literary London. Letitia was witty; she was fun. Although respectable married women disapproved of her indiscretions, they asked her to dine as they knew she would amuse





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Two literary ladies

the male guests. Not that she was good-looking or even pretty. Disraeli, seeing her at a party at the Bulwer Lyttons, found her "the very personification of Brompton-pink satin dress and white satin shoes, red cheeks, snub nose and hair 'à la Sappho' ". At Mrs Trollope's she sat next to an elderly divine who rapidly became absorbed in her conversation. What had she talked about? "About eating, of course! I always talk to everybody on their strong point. I told him that writing was my trade but that eating was my pleasure, and we were fast friends before the fish was finished!"

Understandably, gossip pursued this odd little person who lived alone without the usual family protection, and who entertained friends—even male friends. Her first published work appeared in the Literary Gazette, edited by William Jerdan who had known her since she was a child living next door. Jerdan "puffed" her work extravagantly and depended on her endless energy as his chief reviewer. More dangerously, her name was linked with that of William Maginn. who edited the notorious satirical Fraser's Magazine to which Carlyle and Thackeray contributed early work. (Thackeray based Captain Shandon in Pendennis on Maginn.) Finding affectionate letters from L.E.L. to her husband, Mrs Maginn in jealous anger took them to the literary journalist, John Forster, whom L.E.L. hoped to marry. How different her fate would have been if they had married; Forster was undoubtedly the best man in her circle. But she released him unconditionally in a melodramatic declaration: "I cannot allow you to unite yourself with one accused of . . . I cannot write it.'

The Maginn marriage survived, though guilt over the L.E.L. affair was largely responsible for a deterioration in William's character and career. He relinquished the editorship of Fraser's and drank himself into an impoverished grave but not before he had bravely conducted himself in "the last literary duel in history". Even if she was only loosely connected with this dramatic event (no casualties) it further tarnished L.E.L.'s reputation as a woman; as a writer she was still in demand. She edited eight Fisher's Scrapbooks, struggling, as she confessed, "to write illustrations to prints selected more for their pictorial excellence than their poetic capabilities" Finally, she sighed, "Fisher's book is finished—about 30 poems and only one in which love is mentioned. There's hard-heartedness for you!" Towards the end of the 30s she grew tired of being at the centre of intrigue. A desire to get away must, in part, explain her marriage to George Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, West

From childhood she had dreamt of



Letitia Elizabeth Landon, L.E.L., who met an untimely death in Africa aged 36.

Africa, and in June, 1838, she married her taciturn Scot and they sailed for the coastal fortress. Built by the Portuguese on a rocky promontory, the Castle was first lost to the Dutch, then to the English. Before leaving, Letitia completed a scrapbook, and in the preface she hoped "with all the freshness of new scenes and thoughts, to write for England when far away from its shores". On arriving, she said in a letter home: "The solitude here is very Robinson Crusoeish and I find my habit of writing a great resource." There were no signs of despair which might lead to suicide. Yet, on October 15, 1838 she died, aged 36. The doctor suspected an overdose of prussic acid but did not order a post-mortem, and the body was promptly buried in the Castle courtyard. At the inquest her husband stated that she took prussic acid for "spasms", and the verdict was of accidental death by an overdose.

The news did not reach England until the end of the year when Brodie Cruickshank, the district magistrate, went home on leave. He brought letters from L.E.L. written the night before her death; one recipient described them as cheerful and healthy. Friends who disliked her husband jumped to conclusions; letters appeared in The Times and elsewhere; rumours grew and theories proliferated: Maclean had murdered her; his native mistress had added poison to her breakfast coffee; she was so miserable that she had decided to end her life. Her English doctor declared that he had never prescribed prussic acid. and the pharmacist confirmed this. A friend swore that there was not a grain

of it in the medicine chest which she took to Africa. A year later the only other white woman at Cape Coast Castle returned to England and hinted darkly but inconclusively. Letitia's brother asked Lord John Russell, then Colonial Secretary, to order an official inquiry, but this was abandoned owing to "many difficulties". Three years later the Countess of Blessington took up the cause of Letitia's death. (They had been on intimate terms in London, and this was another cause for gossip as the Countess was ostracized as a result of her relationship with the Count d'Orsay.) Dr R. R. Madden was sent out to Cape Coast Castle to investigate. Unfortunately, he collapsed immediately with fever and lay at the point of death. His boy believed someone was trying to poison him. and Madden fancied he saw Letitia drifting about the room—in which she had died-in white muslin. George Maclean remained aloof from this abortive inquiry. However, just before he died in 1847, he ordered the contents of a wooden box to be burnt in his presence. He asked to be buried beside his wife. Impressions of this shadowy character vary: Brodie Cruickshank, in his memoirs, insists that Maclean made Letitia perfectly happy and that he was a just and popular administrator; Madden accused him of encouraging slavery, but this was unproved.

As for Letitia's verse, it has faded except, ironically, a single line: "Once out of sight you are soon out of mind", which anticipates by 30 years the more familiar use of the phrase in the poems of Arthur Hugh Clough.

Aubrey Herbert in Arabia

Aubrey found life in England agreeable but not wholly satisfying. The glittering London gatherings, the long country house parties and the perpetual whirl of family and friends soon began to pall. The match-making and breaking, the strict conventions of social intercourse, the absence of the element of surprise and the grave and almost intellectual regard for games and gossip contrasted ill with the life of rough travel, unexpected encounters and eastern intrigue that he had known in the Ottoman Empire. England seemed tame and trivial. Aubrey was impatient to be away. The abundant lovingness of his family, though a strength and joy, was also a restraint and reproach. He knew that his mother longed for him to settle down. He had been almost continuously abroad since leaving Oxford three years before. He was now 25, an age for responsibility.

An idle plan, made with Leland Buxton the year before, to try and reach San'aa, was resurrected and ratified. Various papers and periodicals were approached. Aubrey optimistically hoped to finance his journey with journalism. Blackwoods, the Morning Post and the Daily Mail showed interest. Aubrey's articles were unsigned, for which he was rebuked by Reginald Farrer who wrote: "Damn your pusillanimous undeceptive and possibly vulgar anonymity—damn it, and damn it. If you are going to write things unworthy of your name, better not write at all. Also, it deceives no one. Also it helps to perpetuate the old superstition that literature is a cad's trade, in which no gentleman must take any part, unless he shields his own name from the horrid contamination, by adopting anonymity or pseudonymity. Mary Cholmondeley's relations told her they would die if they saw their name on a book: and that quintessential snobbishness is not yet dead: and men like ourselves can help to kill it by shewing a finer appreciation of things. Aubrey was unrepentant and continued then and later to write either under a pseudonym or anonymously.

Leaving his mother in Paris, Aubrey travelled out to Egypt. There he was met by Leland Buxton. Few were sanguine about the young men's chances of reaching San'aa. Everyone to whom they spoke offered only discouragement; and indeed it did seem a hopeless quest. The Yemen, which at the best of times was an inaccessible and remote territory of the Ottoman Empire, was at the time of Aubrey's journey in a state of war. The year before had seen a serious revolt. San'aa was besieged for four months by rebel Yemenis. The Turkish garrison inside the town had been reduced by famine from 11,000 to 2,000 men. In April, 1905, the town had been relieved. By October the war of reconquest was

by Margaret FitzHerbert

Aubrey Herbert was extravagantly admired in his own times. Half-brother of Lord Carnarvon, who sponsored the Tutankhamun excavations, and original of John Buchan's hero Sandy Arbuthnot in the novel *Greenmantle*, he was an intrepid traveller and adventurer, though nearly blind. He was born in 1880 and died 43 years later of septicaemia following the extraction of a few teeth. Though he flits in and out of the pages of many books written about the period he has not been the subject of a biography. This has now been rectified by his grand-daughter, Margaret FitzHerbert, the second daughter of Evelyn Waugh. This extract from her book *The Man Who Was Greenmantle* (John Murray, £15) describes a journey Aubrey Herbert made in Arabia when he was 25.



finished and its septuagenarian victor, General Ahmed Feizi Pasha, who had marched across Arabia from Baghdad in order to subdue the Yemen by a mixture of diplomacy and military leadership, remained in charge.

Little news of the war in the Yemen had reached Europe. The Sublime Porte had done its effective utmost to keep the events of the war secret. There seemed little likelihood that the authorities would allow two stray young Englishmen to roam through the devastated land. Nevertheless, undeterred by the advice of their elders, Aubrey and Leland Buxton set sail from Suez. They were seen off by the Governor, an affectionate and talkative man who had only two words of English, "Damn fool", which he used often and inappropriately.

The boat was filled with pilgrims from every corner of the Islamic world on their way to Mecca. In Jeddah everyone disembarked. Aubrey had a letter of introduction to the British Consul from FitzMaurice, the dragoman at Constantinople. FitzMaurice had warned Aubrey that the Consul "was peculiar and his wife more so".

Although Aubrey and Buxton stayed the night with him they never saw his wife, who sent a message through her husband that she had a swollen face. Apparently she always had a swollen face when visitors came to the house.

After Jeddah the pilgrim passengers departed, leaving Buxton and Aubrey alone on the boat as it slowly steamed down the Red Sea. At Hodeidah they, too, disembarked. The chief spectacle of the town was an old man who had been chained to the ground on the same spot for 40 years. Now bereft of his wits, he was considered a saint. A few planks had been erected between him and the sun. No one could remember any more the crime that he had committed to earn this, punishment. He steadfastly refused to be released. The townspeople brought him well cooked meats and other offerings. Aubrey saw his relations eating these up with relish.

At Hodeidah there was trouble at the customs over Aubrey's typewriter, swiftly followed by trouble from the authorities over the projected journey. Aubrey and Buxton called on the Mutesarrif, Hifzi Pasha. To allay sus-

picion they made themselves out to be rich and stupid sportsmen on their way to India to shoot big game. "Nous allons faire la chasse aux tigres,' Aubrey explained. Buxton, silent to this point, added to complete the picture "et lions" whereupon the Mutesarrif, a courteous, sleepy, benign old Turk woke as from a dream and said sharply that there were no lions in India. There followed a long discussion in Turkish between the Mutesarrif and his second-in-command, who was convinced that the travellers were really British army officers come to spy and sow dissent among the Arabs. Aubrey, who could follow all their conversation, had to sit placid and unprotesting playing his part of the rich, stupid sportsman. To lend conviction to his performance he interrupted to ask which was the best hotel in San'aa. The Turks with difficulty restrained their mirth at this astonishing inquiry.

The interview ended inconclusively. Although the Mutesarrif, out of politeness and goodwill, did not wish to return a definite "no" to their request, Buxton and Aubrey left despondent. That evening, in a coffee shop, a Greek approached Aubrey in a conspiratorial manner. He promised to help and introduced them to a muleteer. They made swift arrangements. A message was sent to the Mutesarrif that their preparations were complete and they were ready to start the next morning. The next morning dawned on two intrepid Englishmen, with their medicine chests, provisions, revolvers and all accoutrements of travel, but no Greek, no muleteer, no mules, no escortonly the eternal heat.

For three hours they waited in the hot sun and then dejectedly trudged to the Mutesarrif's residence. He would not see them. The next day Aubrey had another interview with the Mutesarrif, who promised in broken French that they should depart within 24 hours. Four days later they were still in Hodeidah. The muleteer was ready and waiting but the escort was inadequate and insubordinate. It would neither leave nor permit the travellers to leave without it.

The heat and the repeated disappointments proved too much for Aubrey's temper. He went to see the Mutesarrif in a rage. Abandoning all pretence he broke into furious and voluble Turkish. "You gave us your word," said Aubrey. "Yes," said the Mutesarrif, "I gave your exalted presence my word, but now we take it back It seemed the end. Yet the Mutesarrif had been taken aback by Aubrey's sudden flood of Turkish and in fact it was the beginning of a thaw. The interview, which had begun without honorifies, ended amicably. They drank coffee and smoked. The next day Aubrey called again. This time, according to Aubrey's diary,

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Aubrey Herbert in Arabia

"we soaped each other. I said I was descended from Charlemagne. One becomes quite shameless." After an hour Aubrey took his leave. The Mutesarrif had again promised that they should depart next day. "Go quickly and quickly come again," he said, "You must not keep those tigers waiting. We have recommended you to God."

This time the Mutesarrif was as good as his word. The next morning an escort of 150 men was waiting. For 40 hours they marched and rode, changing mounts and stopping only for three hours' sleep. Aubrey walked and rode alternately. It was on this march that his love and admiration for the Turkish race blossomed. Hitherto his dislike of the Ottoman régime had dominated his feelings for the Turks. But now his admiration for his companions, far from their homeland, stolid and sturdy in their suffering, generous in their poverty, and comradely to the stranger, won him to their cause, and he became henceforth their champion and defender.

Leland Buxton who had started the journey brimming with anti-Turkish prejudice from his experiences in Bulgaria, also found his attitudes altered. These Turkish soldiers, although legally absolved from fasting (it was then the month of Ramadan) did not avail themselves of this dispensation and neither smoked nor ate nor drank until the sun set. And even when that hour arrived, before they broke their fast they offered Aubrey and Buxton their brackish water and unleavened bread and meagre olives. Once when Aubrey's mule went lame he asked that it should be sent back with a soldier who was not fit to march. The wizened sergeant major replied, "Such talk is not for the Yemen. Here men and animals, sound or lame, go on because they must. What is thy beast? A mule. What is that man? A private soldier. Mount, Lord. Hurry, you rascals.'

Once free of the hot, low-lying feverinfested plain, and into the green mountains covered with flowers and intersected with fertile valleys and streams, the frenzied haste of the journey was abandoned by common consent. Travellers and soldiers dawdled. Through Obel, Hedjilek Atara, Menakha, Beht-i-Mehti, Ijiz, Betli-Ajiz, Menfaak, Suk el Hamis, they passed amidst devastation and poverty. Once they came across a circle of skeletons of men who had died fighting; flowers were growing out of the eyes and mouths of the skulls. Everywhere there was painful evidence of the war—deserted villages, skeletons and ravaged buildings. In Menakha they were told that 2,000 Jews had died in the famine. In village after village dogs and children fought over scraps of decaying food.

On November 13, after six days on the march, they reached San'aa. It was

a tragic city. Before the siege the inhabitants had numbered about 70,000; now the population was a mere 20,000. Nine thousand Ottoman troops had died of starvation. Among the civilians the large Jewish community had suffered most. Aubrey wrote, "The famine had fallen like a hammer on the Jews. It was visible in their faces and in their homes." Of the 32 synagogues of San'aa only four remained open. About a quarter of the community survived but in wretched condition. Aubrey had to abandon another prejudice. He knew the rich, sleek Jews of English society and its fringes and he knew the prosperous and grasping merchants and usurers of Europe and the near East. He liked neither. But in San'aa he met quite another sort of Jew and his heart was melted.

Aubrey and Buxton walked round dazed, distributing charity and being followed by a crowd "greater than even the Pied Piper drew after him" Aubrey wrote, "The houses are tall and old. They are embroidered with white stucco, and ornamented with great doors of wrought iron, heavily clamped. The windows are circular and paned with thin slabs of pure alabaster, which gives them a grey, shrouded unwinking look." Few Europeans ever came to San'aa and none had been since the famine. The Turks, instead of boasting of their heroic defence during the siege, had censored all reports to the outside world. Aubrey was able to report for the first time accurate facts and figures. For an amateur journalist it was a great piece

The heroic old Turkish general, Ahmed Feizi Pasha, was away from San'aa, pacifying outlying districts and hunting the Imam Yahia, leader of the revolt. In his absence Aubrey and Buxton called on the temporary governor, Mahmud Nedim Bey, who received them courteously. He explained that had Ahmed Feizi Pasha known of their coming he would certainly have prevented it but since they had arrived they were welcome. He refused them permission to go on to Aden and said they must return speedily to Hodeidah. Nevertheless they managed to linger six days in San'aa while arrangements were being made for their return journey. They followed the same route and were greeted as old friends at *their stopping places. At Bajil Aubrey drank from an infected well, which was to have dire results.

Having exhausted the limited pleasures of Hodeidah during their earlier enforced stay both Leland and Aubrey were anxious to move on. Within two days they found a Khedival boat going to Aden. At Aden the acting British Resident, Captain Hancock, was astounded to hear that they had been to San'aa. He presented Aubrey with a packet of letters from his mother which had been steadily piling up. She wrote urging him to be diligent in his diary writing, expressing her longing-for him.

Growing bored in Aden, Aubrey

and Buxton decided to travel to India, in search of some big-game hunting. They engaged a young Arab boy, Abu Salaam (Father of Peace), as their joint servant. Aubrey boarded the French boat for Bombay feeling unwell. He was in fact extremely ill with a virulent typhoid. The infected well at Bajil had exacted its toll. The crossing to Bombay passed in a haze. At Bombay the ship's officials, anxious to get rid of a doubtful invalid, helped him ashore before the other passengers and put him in a taxi for the General Hospital. Through a dream Aubrey heard his enterprising Parsee taxi driver reciting imaginary titles of his client to hardfaced English doctors. He was put in an enormous ward next to a Chinese seaman and a dying Japanese. There Buxton found him, too ill to make much sense, but with one clear wishthat Kiazim be sent for. [Aubrey had met Kiazim, an Albanian, in Greece during an earlier journey in 1904. Kiazim had acted as his servant and bodyguard until May, 1905, when Aubrey left him in Constantinople and returned to England.] Buxton passed on the message to the Embassy at Constantinople.

After a week in the hospital Aubrey began to be aware of his discomfort. The noise, the rough, unfriendly attentions, the unceasing face washings made him long for peace and quiet. He knew there was no hope of a medical discharge so he summoned his useless servant, who for once rose to the occasion. Abu Salaam erected screens around his bed, brought in clothes and helped him to dress. Quietly they walked out of the hospital unnoticed and drove to the Hotel Taj Mahal.

Aubrey lay in his hotel room in comfort but too weak to get to the bell to summon attention. The service was poor and Aubrey soon regretted his move. Swallowing his pride he sent a message to the friendliest of the hospital doctors who forgivingly came to his bedside. The doctor explained to him that he had suffered a very serious attack of typhoid. Up to this point Aubrey had been ignorant of his illness and had only guessed at its gravity. The doctor strongly advised him to return to England as soon as he was fit to travel. Aubrey, however, was convinced that in winter the Persian Gulf offered better prospects for recuperation and when Leland Buxton returned to Bombay they set sail together for Muscat in the SS Africa.

Christmas Day was spent at Muscat. Then they rejoined their ship which unfortunately ran aground 6 miles from Bahrain on a coral reef. The shipwrecked passengers were lowered into Arab barques, rowed to Bahrain and then carried ashore on the backs of groaning men. There, huge white donkeys with scarlet henna-dyed chests awaited them. The passengers were deposited on the donkeys with no bridles, no stirrups and no reins. The donkeys set off at full gallop for their respective homes amid the shrieks of protest and fear from the passengers.

When Leland and Aubrey eventually found each other again they made their way to the British Residency. There they found the Resident, Captain Prideaux, on a veranda dispensing justice to prisoners tied by chains to a bench. Only when Aubrey and Leland clamoured louder than the prisoners, demanding food, did he abandon his duty and take them inside.

They passed New Year's Day, 1906, in Bahrain, Captain Prideaux, who had been a reluctant host at the outset, unbent and entertained them lavishly. They stayed in Bahrain for about 10 days. Leland, meanwhile, was becoming restless. He was sceptical about Aubrey's plans to cross the Arabian desert from El Hasa by way of Ojair, and decided to leave Bahrain once the SS Africa was righted. On January 8 he left, bound for Basra, Baghdad, Damascus and home. Aubrev recorded in his diary, "Sorry to part with B. We don't care about anything in common hardly, but we got on very well if unenthusiastically together and he is a very good fellow indeed."

Buxton had been right to be sceptical about Aubrey's expedition. Captain Prideaux refused him all official help. Undeterred, Aubrey pressed ahead with his plans. Abu Salaam, the Father of Peace, reluctantly agreed to accompany him. Another servant with knowledge of the hostile Saudi coast was advised, so Aubrey engaged a villainous pock-marked Arab named Ali. Through the offices of this unsavoury individual he also hired a dhow to transport him across to the mainland. On embarking he found the boat, hired for himself alone, teeming with humanity. "I can't think why I started without better preparations," he wrote in his diary, "this nation of traitors has done me again."

After five stormy days at sea they landed on a bitterly cold morning at Ojair. Officials, both Turkish and Arab, greeted Aubrey with friendliness. However, he was told there was no question of proceeding to El Hasa. At Ojair there lived one European, an old Greek chemist named Gabriel Mikhalaki. He had almost forgotten his own language and never seemed aware of what tongue he spoke. Aubrey, whose Arabic had improved steadily, now scarcely needed the aid of an interpreter but the old Greek offered his services. Aubrey obligingly accepted the offer. He said something in Turkish to be put into Arabic. The chemist repeated his words with enormous emphasis, still in Turkish, sometimes adding a Greek or Arabic termination.

Aubrey was given a cell in the garrison and there he remained a virtual prisoner. He spent his days planning escapes with the enthusiastic support of Gabriel Mikhalaki. One day the old chemist brought word to Aubrey that a caravan would be watering at a well 5 miles from the fort that night. Aubrey decided to make his escape. His servant, Abu Salaam, whom Aubrey invited to carry his heavy bag of Maria

Teresa dollars, flatly refused to leave the safety of the fort. The keeper of the gate and chief of the customs accepted the rather inappropriate bribe of a bottle of port which Aubrey had brought with him. Aubrey said goodbye to the trembling Abu Salaam and quietly passed through the unlocked door of the fort clutching his bag.

The moon was bright and Aubrey walked fast and furtively, transferring his load from one hand to the other, pausing sometimes to rest. His spirits were high. However he had hopelessly misjudged his strength. The typhoid attack had left him weaker than he realized. A sudden collapse came upon him and he knew he must return. He turned back, hoping to creep back into the fort as quietly as he had left it. All went well until he came to the walls. There he was set upon by a savage pack of pariah dogs. The noise of the attacking dogs woke the garrison. Aubrey heard a voice shouting loudly from the roof but could pay no attention as he was too busy trying to beat off the dogs. Eventually he drew his revolver and shot one. The others were frightened and withdrew a distance. Meanwhile the great door of the fort opened and soldiers poured out. The captain greeted him grimly, "The sentry on the roof has orders to shoot after shouting three times," he said. "He disobeyed those orders tonight; he shall be punished tomorrow.' And Suliman, the Circassian with whom Aubrey had made friends, accompanied Aubrey to his cell, saying: "Oh, my lamb, what wild deeds are these?

The next morning Aubrey went to see the captain to plead the cause of the imprisoned sentry. The captain unsmilingly refused to relent saying he knew his duty towards all men, guests, enemies or subordinates. Aubrey replied that he had no desire to instruct him in his duty, but asked a favour as one gentleman to another. The captain replied, "Your pleasure is my will," and the sentry was released. However the captain never forgave Aubrey and remained stern and unbending for the remainder of his enforced stay.

It gradually became clear to Aubrey, as wearisome day followed wearisome day, that he was never going to get to El Hasa. He decided to return to Bahrain. He feasted the garrison on some goats brought in by the Bedouin and said his farewells. Accompanied by Abu Salaam, Aubrey arrived in Bahrain five uncomfortable days later. He had been away exactly three weeks. After a brief and happy stay at the Residency he took the next British India boat to Bushire, leaving behind Abu Salaam who had turned against travel and now wanted a quiet life.

On boarding the ship, Aubrey was asked by the captain if he spoke Turkish. He was told there was a Turkish pasha on board travelling second class, who was bargaining for some carpets but needed the help of an interpreter. Aubrey went below. There he found Kiazim, dressed up to the nines, play-

ing the part of a pasha with great verve. Kiazim fell on Aubrey, kissing his hands again and again, "Oh, the wonders of God that thou and I should meet upon a strange sea."

Kiazim had left Constantinople, his fare paid by George Lloyd at the Embassy, as soon as Aubrey's summons had arrived from Bombay. He had travelled to Bombay and sought his master unavailingly there. Finally he had heard a rumour that Aubrey was somewhere in the Persian Gulf. Thither he had repaired confident that fate would contrive to bring them together. Aubrey was overjoyed at this masterly stroke which fate had indeed contrived.

At Bushire Aubrey and Kiazim disembarked. Aubrey's first impressions of Persia in his diary ran, "An immoral people; dirty streets; liars." Sir Percy Cox, the Consul, invited them to stay. It was a comfortable house despite the household pets which included 10 cats, a dog, a parrot and many monkeys. Sir Percy, famed throughout the Gulf, was not what Aubrey had expected: "He was quiet, not talkative, rather attractive, and did not give the impression of being weak. We went over a fairly big space and disagreed on nothing."

From Bushire Aubrey and Kiazim set sail again for Basra, where they had letters to the English Consul, Mr Crow. Their ship anchored outside Basra. Aubrey, impatient to go ashore and ignoring the quarantine rules, took an Arab sambuk. As the little boat came up the mouth of the river there was a challenge and they saw a soldier on the bank with a rifle pointing towards their boat. The soldier ordered the Arab rowers to halt. Aubrey drawing his revolver ordered them to proceed. Kiazim, uncharacteristically, intervened on the side of peace.

With impotent rage Aubrey found himself a prisoner in the quarantine station until a boat from the Consulate arrived. Then, after a little soothing diplomacy, they were conducted back to their ship to await the lifting of quarantine restrictions.

A few days later they legally disembarked and went to stay with the Consul. There Aubrey found a large bundle of letters from home. Lady Carnarvon wrote with unaccustomed hysteria, "Revolution is upon us", an allusion to the 1906 election which had resulted in a Liberal landslide.

While staying in Basra with the Crows, Aubrey visited the Garden of Eden and camped in the marshes. Unlike subsequent travellers, he failed to see the beauty and romance of the marsh Arabs; he wrote, "The country quite flat; the people a very low type, hideous, very savage looking, always shewing their teeth in a canine smile." Kiazim felt even more strongly on this subject. He detested and despised the Arabs and thought their bitter coffee in tiny cups a mockery of hospitality. No one, however, could fault the hospitality of the Crows. Aubrey, who knew how meagre were the salaries earned by consuls in distant places,

Aubrey Herbert in Arabia

wrote in his diary, "Here people are more or less forced to entertain everyone who comes. They are very hospitable but one feels a brute accepting it and it threatens to become a real source of poverty to them."

An English firm, Lynch, operated steamers on the Tigris. Aubrey and Kiazim boarded one for Baghdad. The skipper was a Captain Cowley, a valiant man whom Aubrey met again during the Mesopotamian campaign in 1916, when Cowley made a doomed attempt to relieve Kut, for which he was awarded a posthumous VC.

There were some odd passengers on the steamer, but the oddest by far was a Miss Christie. A spinster well embarked on middle age, she had, on receiving a bequest late in life, abandoned her native West Country village where she had lived all her life, sheltered and respected, and started out on a life of travel and adventure. Miss Christie's tastes in travel and adventure were extreme. She was only happy courting death and disaster. "She takes her risks without winking," Aubrev wrote in his diary, and in a letter to his mother he described her as "one of those women like Gertrude Bell but minus her cleverness and also, thanks be, without her temper". She spoke no foreign tongue but put her trust in Providence and the English language. Rosy-cheeked and gentle in manner, she seemed to Aubrey "the archetype of courageous British womanhood" Nonetheless he did not want her as a companion on his travels in the fanatical country round Baghdad. He recognized in her a spirit more intrepid than his own. He shunned the responsibility of protecting her as she shook one hostile hand too many. Miss Christie, on the other hand, was eager to share her adventures with what she regarded as a fellow spirit. In Baghdad they were both guests of the British Consul, Colonel Newmarsh, whom Aubrey found "a queer old thing. He gives one an uncomfortable feeling, like a huge great clock that's going to strike with a bang.

Aubrey was determined to visit the Shi'ite shrine of Kerbela during the time of Muharram when the Shi'ites honour the memory of their saint and martyr, Hussein. The fanatical reputation of these Shi'ite devotions stirred Aubrey's curiosity. Naturally Miss Christie was even more determined to expose herself to the dangers of Kerbela at the season of Muharram. When Aubrey discovered that both their carriages had been ordered for four o'clock one morning, he decided to postpone his start by an hour and a half. Kiazim was shocked by his master's lack of chivalry. Aubrey's explanation that it was not the custom in his country for a gentleman and lady to travel alone together was instantly seen

As it happened all Aubrey's subter-

fuges were in vain. When he arrived at the gates of Baghdad he found Miss Christie's carriage arrested. The Turks had refused to let her proceed alone. "Our two cabs crawled like courting insects across the plain," wrote Aubrey. Miss Christie's proud and independent spirit was hurt by this compulsory chaperoning. That evening they stayed in Babylon, the guests of German archaeologists. Aubrey recorded in his diary that after dinner Miss Christie "brought down a twopenny ramshackle revolver which she wanted loaded in such a way that it would not go off. If it had to go off, she said, there must be a number of preliminary clicks to give her time to think whether she really meant to kill the man. I suggested it would also give the man time to think if he wanted to be killed. Anyway she is not likely to hit anything.

To Aubrey's relief the authorities refused Miss Christie permission to proceed to Kerbela and the next morning Aubrey bid her a warm farewell and set out alone, but for Kiazim. Aubrey and Kiazim were met everywhere with scowls, and sometimes with open hostility. In none of the villages could Aubrey get food or water. Kiazim as a Sunni Moslem was permitted food although the people broke his plate after he had eaten. He was forbidden to bring any food for his Christian master. The magnificent mosques of Kerbela were difficult to see because of the lamenting devotees. After one night Aubrey thankfully returned to Baghdad where he had a happy reunion with Miss Christie, who was no doubt secretly contemptuous of Aubrey's slight appetite for the hostility he and Kiazim had encountered.

Aubrey's last days in Baghdad were pleasant. He now felt recovered in health and renewed in strength. On Saturday, March 3, accompanied by Kiazim, a muleteer named Mahmoud, who rode a tiny donkey, two pack horses and two riding horses, Aubrey left Baghdad for Damascus. The journey from Baghdad to Damascus was a well-established endurance test. The distance was more than 700 miles, largely through desert. It was not dangerous, merely strenuous. Aubrey soon found that he had many hangers on-two Persians and an assortment of Arabs.

They established a routine, rising before dawn in the bitter desert cold. They then rode or walked for 10 to 12 hours. By midday the heat became fierce and blistered their faces and lips. They lunched in the saddle and in the evening made a fire. Kiazim cooked rice, his only culinary accomplishment, and sang sad or ferocious Albanian ballads. Aubrey cooked boiled eggs, his only culinary accomplishment, and listened.

Kiazim proved to be a difficult travelling companion. His contempt for the Arabs, matched only by his conceit in himself, led to misunderstandings and occasionally violence. He developed a mania for secrecy. In front of Turkish-speaking Arabs he insisted on addressing Aubrey in what he thought was Greek in order to baffle the onlookers. Unfortunately Aubrey had forgotten most of the Greek he knew and Kiazim had never really known any; the result was general confusion and amazement. Kiazim would then resort to a furious and exaggerated dumb crambo which in as far as it was comprehensible was comprehensible to all. And with the increasing frustrations of the journey, so Kiazim's manners became rougher and more ferocious.

After a time Aubrey found it better not to question Kiazim too closely. Chickens, and on one occasion a lamb, were mysteriously procured. At the stopping places other travellers were ejected from the best hovels and Aubrey and Kiazim installed. Kiazim could not speak Arabic and, like many a bad linguist before and since, resorted to shouting louder and louder in his own tongue. As Aubrey put it, he believed that "hullabaloo was a great ally of lucidity". His hatred of the desert grew daily: "God give this desert trouble," he repeated monotonously, and his reproaches to both his master and his God became a litany. "Yesterday," wrote Aubrey in his diary, "as punishment, I spoke no word to him. He was quite miserable and implored pardon in the evening. This I gave after a little demur. He takes too much on himself.'

One of the bones of contention between them was Aubrey's habit of dismounting and walking for long periods. Aubrey always enjoyed walking and in this particular case had good reason. "My beast," he wrote, "is the most irritating I have ever ridden. He has a romantic eye and anything from a camel to the shadow of a palm tree in the desert appears to him in the shape of an Arab mare." Rather than struggle endlessly to control the phantom passions and rough paces of this disagreeable steed, Aubrey preferred to walk. Walking in Turkey, however, was the habit only of vagabonds, and Kiazim felt his master's dignity was impaired when he took to his feet. And anything that impaired his master's dignity also impaired his own. In the end a compromise was reached. Aubrey agreed to ride in and out of villages and only dismount in the secure solitude of the desert.

Another source of disagreement between them was Aubrey's softheartedness. Kiazim, and indeed the whole band of hangers-on including the Persians, were furious with Aubrey for releasing some robbers. A peasant came to them, not far from Baghdad, complaining that some thieves had beaten him and stolen his corn. Aubrey and the better mounted members of his caravan gave chase. They had an exhilarating ride and cornered the men in an angle of the river. After the thieves had been disarmed, every able-bodied man set about beating them. Aubrey called a halt and insisted on letting them go.

Kiazim sulked mightily.

Nevertheless the bond between master and servant was strong and enduring. Kiazim's devotion and loyalty were total, and Aubrey for his part loved his servant. He could listen forever to Kiazim's tales. The poetry of his language and the mixture of mystic philosophy and improbable anecdote delighted him.

Some extracts from Aubrey's diary serve to give the flavour of the journey: *March 5 Roumada*

"Stopped last night at Feluja, a huge dilapidated khan... insects like sharks ... found a couple of Arabs waiting for me here in order to attach themselves to me for protection... Kiazim like an Albanian sees an enemy in every man. I should like to go bang bang with my revolver he says when he sees the light-hearted Arabs.

March 7 Hit

... a horrible day. 5 hours in a sandstorm. Kiazim's horse kept falling. I can hear his yells of Oh blind! blind! blind! and at last in a frenzy he banged it with rifle and revolver. The sand was frightfully painful to the eyes and yellow as London fog. K and I were separated for five minutes and the fear of being lost came upon us both . . . The dens for sleeping were nauseous. My head and feet touched either side of the room, and the floor was greasy. March 9

Anah. A very long town all by the river, a great sense of peace about it . . . The olives made me homesick for Portofino.

March 10 Ghayim

16 hrs march, the hottest day we have had. After 9 hrs I determined to give up abstinence and drink. I needed it. No water. K had drunk and the rest spilt. Persian fell off, and seemed very ill. I gave him my remaining half flask of brandy and moistened my lips with the rest. Nearly drank from a green stinking puddle, but refrained and prevented Kiazim by cajolery. I reminded him of the Imam David. Earlier I had told him the story of David and how, when his three captains brought him water, he had poured it out upon the sand saying "Shall I drink the blood of my people?" Kiazim had applauded saying, "Finely done. Thus will a king and a man act." Now he said "I am not a king, neither are these circumstances mine." I answered that I knew now what to believe of Albanian manhood. And so he resisted the water. The Arabs sucked it up. We longed to. Afterwards Kiazim said "The world is like a melon, but oh the stairway of the universe", i.e. the ups and downs of things.

March 11

9 hrs journey. 4 eggs from dawn till then. Tomorrow we arrive at Deir, a place flowing with milk and honey...

Land of milk and honey but not much else; no meat. Kiazim cooked our food in the Persians' room so as to avoid having smoke in ours. They are highly annoyed.

March 17 Bir i Jedid

Gloom in the caravan they think I am going to stop at Palmyra but I shan't. The old postman is my favourite amongst them. They come and go. Only the Persians have been with us all through. A jolly negro came yesterday. Two bedouins with us today, nice fellows. Some scarlet anemones on the way . . . I find I cannot go on living on hard boiled eggs . . . Mahmoud's little donkey is pathetic. It is so tiny and yet it does such an enormous amount. Mahmoud is angry with me because I took away his knife with which he prods it.

March 20 Tadmor, Palmyra

14 hrs march. Tempest of wind, torrents of rain. Sent Zaptieh ahead to see if he could get mattresses as ours were wet. Followed him with the Persian. Desert became slippery, then a marsh. Night fell. It was like being dressed in eels wearing my buckskin breeches . . . To complete the disaster we lost the caravan and the road . . . Finally we came to ruins which we could see against the sky; these we came to several times so we must have journeyed in a circle . . . We reached through pitch darkness a kind of habitation, from where children led us somewhere else. It was very rough. I fell and was nearly walked on by my horse . . . I ordered the Persian to do something, but he only wailed piteously. I was on the point of going to the Mudir's to ask for help when to my infinite relief K, Mahmoud and the caravan arrived, with chattering teeth and making noises like ghouls. K very distressed at having lost me . . . The sheikh's brother turned up and offered a room. Very politely I said "J'y suis,

On Friday, March 24, exactly three weeks after their start, they rode into Damascus. "Everybody laughed and talked and sang. The sky was pure blue, there was peach and almond blossom everywhere and the tinkle of water." Aubrey rode at the head of the column of bedraggled travellers. Kiazim rode jealously behind to keep the Persian merchant in his place among the humble and the unpretentious. Arriving at the best hotel, Aubrey, in the face of fierce protests from Kiazim, gave away all his remaining money. To Mahmoud the muleteer he gave the most but all received a little charity. After a brief farewell speech he was cheered, sympathetic onlookers joining in.

Then, penniless, filthy and heavily armed, Aubrey and Kiazim entered the hotel and marched into the dining room. Silence fell upon the room. They ordered a huge lunch. Fortunately, lunching at the hotel at the same time was Edmonds, the British Consul, who backed Aubrey's name on a piece of paper for any money he might require.

For three days Aubrey and Kiazim revelled in the luxury of the hotel, indulging in hot baths and delectable meals. Damascus in those days was a hospitable city and invitations were showered on Aubrey. Meanwhile poor Kiazim, whose sufferings on the journey had been augmented by toothache, took himself off and returned having had five teeth extracted in half an hour. He shrugged off Aubrey's condolences saying that the day was a good day, the teeth had undoubtedly been bad teeth and the operator was a man of education.

Regretfully leaving Damascus and their comfortable hotel, they moved to Beirut. There Aubrey met his friend George Lloyd, on leave from the Embassy at Constantinople.

George Lloyd (later Lord Lloyd) came from a prosperous middle-class background. At Eton he had been a year older than Aubrey but they had been friends. Later he followed Aubrey to Constantinople as an honorary attaché. It was an improbable friendship. The two men could scarcely have had more contrasting characters. George Lloyd was hard working, ambitious and wonderfully thorough: he seldom changed his views. He was jealous of success but generous to failure. He was never flippant. Yet the friendship was close and lasting. Aubrev often began his letters to Lloyd "Delicious George" and he remained one of the few men who could tease Lloyd with impunity.

Aubrey did not like Beirut. He went to Cyprus, came back, and persuaded George Lloyd to accompany him to Jerusalem for Easter. That year the Latin and Orthodox Easters coincided and Jerusalem promised to be a memorable spectacle. First, however, there was a difficulty. George Lloyd's servant, a huge and fierce Armenian, and Kiazim were not compatible companions. Both were born to lead and neither to follow. Since the prospect of the Muslim Kiazim at loose among the holy places seemed incongruous, Aubrey dispatched his servant to Constantinople and proceeded without him to Jerusalem.

Jerusalem at Easter was not an edifying sight. Christian fought Christian in the crowded churches and dubious holy places while the Turkish soldiery looked on, occasionally spitting at the passing of a cross. In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre Aubrey found himself in the centre of three contending groups, Latins, Greeks and Armenians, who were beating each other with crosses, sticks and icons. A Turkish captain, sitting above the tumult, sent in a few soldiers to break up the fight. They pulled Aubrey out of the mêlée and he joined the captain. After the old soldier had reminisced for some time about his many campaigns and battles Aubrey said, "If it isn't a rude question, how did you lose your eye?" The captain replied, "Ah, that was no honourable scar. I lost my eye doing what I sent my man to do for you today, preventing Christians





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Aubrey Herbert in Arabia

from killing each other."

After some misadventures on the Egyptian-Palestinian frontier Lloyd and Aubrey decided to abandon their projected ride and travel to Egypt by a boat from Jaffa, "Aubrey in great déshabille" according to George Lloyd's diary. In Egypt they were received by Lord Cromer who was anxious to hear news of Constantinople from Lloyd and of the Yemen from Aubrey. Although he was sceptical of Aubrey's imperial designs, which included the annexation by the British government of the whole Persian Gulf, he listened with interest to what the young men had to say. Aubrey wrote to his mother, "He fires questions like bullets but to my surprise I found him very pleasant and interesting.'

Aubrey returned with Lloyd to Constantinople. Constantinople had changed little in the interval. Fitz-Maurice had written to Aubrey the month before. "We seem to be carrying on here as of yore—all of us grouped around the Grand Old Spider who unceasingly weaves cobwebs as meshes to strangle the interests and prestige of the British Lion." Aubrey caroused with his friends, Turkish and English, disrupted the life of chancery not a little, and felt happy and at home. His love and knowledge of the city was deep. Later, in an article, he wrote: "Nearly all travellers distinguish some spot among their journeyings as the object of a special enthusiasm." Constantinople was Aubrey's "special enthusiasm" with "its squalor and its glory" and its doomed history. "Coveted by the world," he wrote, "it has always been its destiny to bring misfortune to its owners, and itself to be the capital of a decaying race, whether Latins, Greeks, Franks or Turks." Many years later Ataturk was to hold this view so strongly that he transferred the capital of his new republic to Ankara.

At the British Embassy at this time there was, as well as George Lloyd, another honorary attaché, Mark Sykes. Mark Sykes was a remarkable man. The heir to a baronetcy and vast estates in Yorkshire, his early life had been spent in adventurous Eastern travel. His upbringing had been curious. His parents hated each other. His mother, young, warm-hearted, unconventional, promiscuous and drunken, lived apart from his father, Sir Tatton Sykes, who was old, harsh and unpleasant. Mark Sykes was the only child of this unhappy union. Warmhearted and unconventional like his mother, he had the additional gifts of a keen brain, great charm and an overriding sense of humour and fun, together with a talent for mimicry and caricature.

Aubrey loved Mark Sykes from the start. They were kindred souls, although holding wildly divergent views. These three honorary attachés,

Mark Sykes, George Lloyd and Aubrey shared a fascination with the Levant. The threads of their lives were to tangle and entwine again and again. All three were in Constantinople together, all three became Conservative Members of Parliament and were part of the same political group, all three were to be closely involved in Arab and Turkish affairs during the First World War. At the Arab bureau in Cairo during the war they were nicknamed "The Three Musketeers"

Yet they were not a united trio. Mark Sykes and George Lloyd did not in fact like each other. They were bound together in close friendship with Aubrey and common interests but between them there was no real friendship. George Lloyd mistrusted Sykes's flamboyance and wit. He thought him essentially shallow; while Mark Sykes thought Lloyd pompous and rigid. Each, in their letters to Aubrey, often included barbed remarks about the other. During the War Sykes would sometimes write letters to Aubrey beginning "Dear Pompey" and ending "love Caesar". In those letters he would refer to Lloyd as "Crassus"

At the end of May Aubrey reluctantly left Constantinople for home. His greatest problem was Kiazim. Lady Carnarvon wrote: "Have you settled anything for poor Kiazim? I scarcely think it would do to have him in London and it would be rather expensive to have a servant only as a friend." As the time of Aubrey's departure grew closer, Kiazim reminisced longingly about his time in the servants' hall at Pixton: "There was Anne," he would say. "Such a one was Anne, by God, verily such a one, Allah make her eyes radiant. She admired me greatly. How fares she, oh, my dear?" Aubrey often found these questions difficult to answer, and would earn the rebuke, "Behold, Bey, is not Anne a girl of education and under thy protection. Inform thyself of thy hand-

Kiazim had in Albania a wife and two children. Even Aubrey, impractical though he was, could see both the unsuitability of importing the whole family to England and the impropriety of separating them for ever. So, amid many protestations of undying loyalty, Aubrey and Kiazim parted.

Aubrey was, as usual, reluctant to return to England. His reluctance on this occasion was strengthened by the fear (unfounded in the event) that these travels could prove his last for some time. He had embarked on this travel on the clear understanding that afterwards he would settle down and devote himself to politics and English life. Aubrey found the prospect chilling. The nomadic life, the sounds and smells of the East, had entered his blood. Aubrey left Constantinople with dutiful intentions, but he could no more stay away from the decaying capital and its wild empire than a moth can stay away from the light. In less than a year he was back in Turkey.

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The cormorant

by Stephen Gregory. Illustration by Robert Mason

The Samphire was the only pub in the village. It was owned and run by Harry Luff and his wife, Rachel. They had been there for 17 years. In the summer months when holidaymakers came to the coast business was good. But in the winter, when the village was shaken by the big tides, chafed by the sand and salt, The Samphire was quiet. Only a few gloomy locals came to drink—shopkeepers, school-teachers and fishermen foiled by the weather.

It was September, the end of the summer season. Harry Luff had entertained his visitors for the past three or four months with his easy humour, his big voice. The trippers liked Harry. He was something of a dandy, favouring the bright waistcoat and bowtie. There was a twinkle in his eyes and his bald head was highly polished. Rachel smiled to herself and said little. She was tiny, with dry blond hair and a chalky complexion. She was content to leave the banter to her husband, while she busied herself behind the bar, scurrying back and forth like a laboratory mouse.

Then Harry broke his thumb. It was smashed by a wayward rolling barrel in the cellar under the pub. At the cottage hospital the thumb was set with a steel pin inside it. A heavy plaster cast covered his whole hand and his forearm. He was in pain from the moment the barrel shattered his thumb, and for weeks after the operation. But there was no longer the white electric agony of the first contact. It was as though the pin in his hand contained some secret energy of its own, because it pulsed and throbbed, sending waves of aching heat up and down Harry's arm. He could do nothing behind the bar of The Samphire. A lad was hired to help Rachel with the heavy work of changing barrels and so on, while Harry sat out front with the customers and rested his heavy cast on the bar.

It was the end of the season anyway, so The Samphire was not busy. Harry spent the hours when the pub was open leaning on the bar and drinking with the locals. Rachel worked. As she worked, a glow came over her white face, but still she smiled to herself. Harry said little. The pain came and went up to his elbow and he eased it with more drinking. He was irritable. The pin in his thumb sent out its pounding messages, blanking out Harry's humour and replacing it with a sort of morose tension. Between spasms of pain he waited. When they came, his lips went pale. There seemed to be fewer and fewer customers in The Samphire. Harry inflicted his pain on them, so they drank quickly and left.

Harry and Rachel quarrelled. Or rather, Harry shouted and breathed whisky over Rachel. She continued with her work, holding a glass up to the light to see that it was clean. Through the glass, the tiny pearls of moisture on her forehead were magnified. A few strands of blond hair stuck to her temples. The customers looked away, embarrassed, so that Harry was ashamed and stalked out of the pub, across the road to the sea-front. He tramped along the beaches, his feet crunching into the pebbles. The pain remained. It was not uncommon to find Rachel alone behind the bar in the afternoons, while Harry stumbled over the seaweed-slippery boulders at the foot of the cliffs.

At the end of September Harry came back from the beach with a bird. It was a young cormorant. Its breast and left wing were fouled with oil. In the falling gloom of late afternoon Harry had found it lying helpless in a tidal pool. His head had cleared enough for him to see it and pity it, wrap it in his thick pullover and carry it back to The Samphire. Before the



pub opened at six o'clock, he had cleaned the cormorant with a little detergent and wrapped it again in some old curtains. The first customers were surprised by the sight of the sinuous neck and dangerous-looking beak which rose from the thick material. Harry put it on the bar. The bird blinked sometimes, it moved its head slowly from side to side. It opened its beak and panted—fish-breath, eelbreath, the smell of the beach. Within a few days it was strong enough to stand on the bar without its wrappings of curtains and blankets.

Rachel loathed the cormorant for its bad manners. Harry fed it with cat food and laughed when its neck convulsed, its murderous beak opened wide, and the mess was vomited up on to the bar. But the bird thrived. The feathers became thick and shiny. The raw patches of bare skin around its nostrils were soon covered in a carpet of moleskin down. The cormorant seemed glad to stay in the smoky confines of The Samphire's bar, pattering up and down on its wide feet. Sometimes it squirted excrement on to the polished woodwork, raising its tough tail feathers and aiming mischievously. Harry laughed, forgetting the pain in his thumb. Rachel was exasperated; she wrinkled her little nose in disgust as she cleared up the mess. The customers liked the show and the bird became something of a celebrity. Harry and Rachel still quarrelled, and Harry took himself out on to the beach. But he quickly came back to feed his

It was the plaster cast that fascinated the young cormorant. As Harry sat on a tall stool with his damaged hand on the bar, the bird would sidle along suspiciously, eyeing the dirty white plaster and snaking its long neck. Then it began to peck gently and nibble until the bar around its feet was sprinkled with the crumbs of plaster. The cormorant swallowed nothing. It was the texture of the dry chalky cast which attracted it, not the taste. There was something about the powdery stuff which brought it each time slapping its webbed feet along the polished bar to tap-tap-tap at the cast. Harry was delighted. Soon his cast was pocked with the light blows from the cormorant's beak. Rachel frowned and swept

away the powder with her duster.

Either Harry became accustomed to the pain from the pin in his thumb or the pain decreased, because he began to resume his normal role of raconteur and jovial host in The Samphire. Perhaps he was distracted by the attentions of the cormorant. Still it retched into the ash-trays and held out its wings as though for the applause of the customers. It snaked its long neck. It practised its guttural cries until it became quite accomplished in its reproduction of a polite cough, as though it was a butler embarrassed by his master's tactlessness. Harry laughed at the bird and the fishermen laughed as well. Only Rachel pursed her lips when the cormorant raised its tail suddenly, to lower it again without disgracing itself. The bird seemed to love the guffaws which greeted these false alarms-then it was so much funnier when the moment came to aim its yellow squirt and relish the cheers of the customers. To Rachel they were children, and Harry was a silly boor. But business was better for the bird's presence. Harry's plaster was chipped away bit by bit. Winter settled around the village as the seas pounded the coast, the mists rolled in, big gulls were forced to shelter among the chimney pots, and sandbags were got ready at the doorways of the seafront

Harry, who was still no use behind the bar, continued to drink. He maintained that his injury prevented him from helping Rachel with even the lightest tasks. So he sat with the cormorant, put it through its tricks for the benefit of his friends, and drank with them. The plaster was wearing thin in places. Harry moved his hand round slowly so that the wear from the bird's increasingly powerful beak was even. Perhaps it was attracted by the throbbing energy of the steel pin. Still Harry suffered an occasional lancing pain, and the cormorant nibbled away as though hypnotized by the hidden steel. But the heat generated in Harry's stomach by the doses of whisky, and the heat kindled in the eye of the cormorant by the thought of the pin in its master's thumb... these grew just as the ice formed inside the sickened soul of Rachel Luff. She felt it >>>

The cormorant

forming. No one else in The Samphire had sensed it. But it was there—for the fools in the bar, for Harry and for the cormorant.

As the ice formed, so it grew in weight; it was inevitable that soon, like heavy icicles above a well used pavement, it would crack and fall. One stormy afternoon a handful of customers were blown into The Samphire. The rain lashed the windows. The waves struck the sea-front and fired their bullets of spray across the promenade. Inside the pub the cormorant was restless. It yawned, it coughed, it held out its wings and beat them, like an old parson shaking the dust from his gown. It wriggled its neck. When Harry drummed his fingers on the bar, the bird waddled towards him and began to peck at the remains of the plaster cast. Harry bought the drinks, and there was laughter. The windows of the pub steamed up with the slow drying of overcoats. Rachel performed her duties mechanically, loaded with ice. She felt it shift inside her. It was too much.

So, when the bird brought up its gulletful of cat food and potato crisps on to the bar in front of her, when it shot a stream of slime all over her carefully hand-written menu, Rachel had had enough. The storm of laughter stopped in mid-guffaw as she shot out her slender arm and closed her hand like a vice around the cormorant's throat. The customers in The Samphire and its landlord were too stunned by Rachel's attack to move or speak. With the bird croaking and choking and battering its wings, coughing and convulsing in her grip, Rachel strode to the door, opened it so the rain was suddenly blown into her face, and hurled the wretched cormorant out into the street. She slammed the door shut. When she turned to the men in the room, her white face was quivering with triumph. The hard

smile which set on her lips remained even when her husband lurched towards her, shoved her aside and disappeared through the door into the rain.

Harry's friends shuffled out in silence, cowed by the freezing glances which Rachel shot at them from the doorway. There were little drops of rain on her face and on her eyelashes. Then she was alone in The Samphire. In a few minutes, having bolted the front door, she had cleaned up the vile mess which the bird had left. With her duster she flicked away the white peckings of plaster. The afternoon with the gloom of salt rain, the buffeting of the spray and the booming sea closed down around the village. It was warm in The Samphire. Rachel was safe. She could feel herself thawing.

Reluctantly, at six o'clock Rachel pulled back the bolts on the front door and lit the lamps in the bar. Outside, the power of the wind had increased. The door rattled. Inevitably, the regular customers came in, each one casting around the room for Harry and the cormorant. When they saw neither, they shrugged, sat down and ordered their drinks. Rachel felt the ice forming again inside her. She detested the drinkers for their assumption that her husband would be back with his bird, that she would be in her place, meek and silent, behind the bar. No one asked about Harry or mentioned the cormorant. But there were frowns and a raising of eyebrows, a few covert glances at the big clock as an hour passed by.

Eventually the silence was too much. Rachel stood quivering behind the bar and stared at the door. Whenever it trembled with a gust of wind, she put out her pink tongue and ran it over her lips. The customers hunched over their drinks and watched the clock; every quarter of an hour it chimed. As it struck eight a glass which Rachel had been polishing distractedly for 10 minutes cracked between her hands, so that she gasped at the sight of the sudden welling of blood from her thumb. She flung the splin-

ters down on to the floor and fled from the bar. When she emerged a moment later she was wearing her coat and holding a big torch. The men in The Samphire followed her, pulling their collars up to their throats, fastening the belts of their raincoats.

Across the promenade she went, pattering down the slippery steps of the sea wall with the men behind her. She flashed the light ahead. The sea was high, there were big white-capped waves pounding inshore. Rachel and her customers crunched over the banks of pebbles, away from the lights of the village. To their left were the crumbling cliffs of the bay which worked their way down to the beach, rich with fossils. To their right, as they trudged along, the sea sucked away the shingle. It was hard to tell whether it was rain or only the spray whipped from the wave-tops which soaked the search party. The pebbles became a confusion of big boulders, treacherously slimy with weed and water. Through the darkness the men followed Rachel as she called for her husband and raked the beach in front of her with the beam of the torch. They splashed through the deep rock pools with the wind moaning around them, they cut their hands on the barnacle-covered boulders, they stumbled over clumps of seaweed.

But there was nothing they could do to help Harry when they found him. In the lamplight he was lying face down among the rough stones. There was a heavy bruise on the side of his head, but the movement of the salt pools and the action of the sea grit had cleaned his wound of blood. It was only a big purple bloom on his temple, like some exotic flower past its best. Harry lay outstretched. The cormorant, oblivious of the direct beam of the torch, held open its black wings and went tap-tap-tap on his cast, so that the chalky crumbs flew like confetti. The cruel beak was through the plaster, into the wounded hand. There was the ringing of horn against hidden steel.

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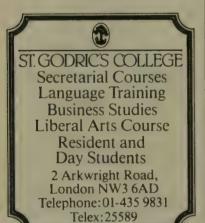
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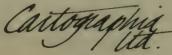
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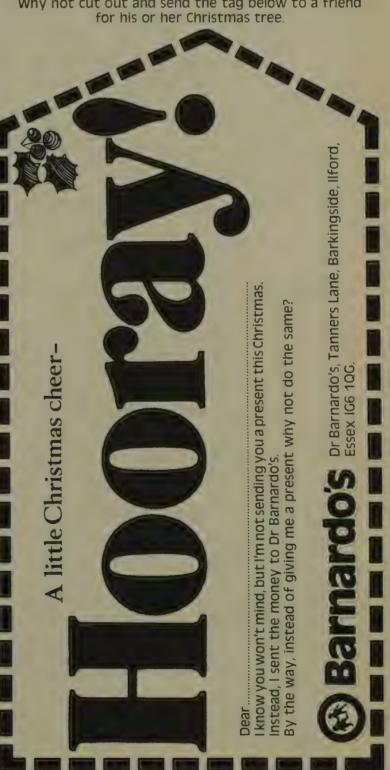
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Mistletoe miscellanea

by Geoffrey Humphrys



Mistletoe may be in short supply this December. Last year city street-traders found the demand for mistletoe so slight that many said they would not bother to obtain it this year.

This must be a disturbing prospect for those who regard kissing under the mistletoe as an essential feature of the traditional Christmas. The custom, dating back at least to the early 17th century, requires the man to pick a berry as he kisses the girl, and that when the last berry is gone there should be no more kissing. But now-adays this procedure is rarely observed.

These days attitudes to the kissing ritual have changed. Last year a girl took a man to court for kissing her under the mistletoe against her wishes at a Christmas party. She burst into tears and ran home. Her father insisted on making a charge, and technically it was found to be an assault—a "trespass to the person". The judge explained that the presence of mistletoe at a Christmas party did not entitle any man forcibly to kiss a girl.

In the 30s we imported more than 1,000 tons of mistletoe from Brittany, but by the 50s this figure had dropped to 500 tons and it has been declining rapidly ever since. This does not mean, however, that we are growing more of our own. The seeds of the mistletoe are not even sold commercially, and most foresters and farmers discourage its growth as it can damage trees, especially the apple tree, by acting as a parasite. As a result, mistletoe is rarely seen growing wild in the British countryside. Only local people who know where to look are likely to find it.

The Druids believed that mistletoe, when found on the oak, was not only holy but also had special curative

powers. They cut the mistletoe from the oak with a golden knife so that it dropped on to a white sheet. Two white bulls were then sacrificed, with prayer. The mistletoe was carried away and laid on an altar without ever being touched by human hands. After a few days it was broken up at a special service and distributed for healing purposes. It is most probable that the plant's connexion with the human sacrifices of the Druids has been the reason for its rigorous exclusion from church decorations.

It may be that mistletoe has a contribution to make to health in our own time. A German medical research team headed by Dr F. Vester at the Max Planck Institute in Munich claims that it has found in mistletoe berries a substance which could possibly help in the treatment of certain forms of cancer.

According to the superstitions associated with Christmas, mistletoe should always be hung before the holly. Reversal of this order is reputed to bring bad luck teeming down your chimney in Christmas Eve. Those seeking romantic good fortune should remember that the first mistletoe kiss of the season should be given to a person with hair of opposite colouring. Married couples should remember that it is unlucky for them to give the first mistletoe kiss to each other. On the other hand, superstition decrees that it is unlucky for a married man to kiss another girl in the sight of his wife.

Once Christmas is over, the mistletoe should be taken down and burnt by New Year's Eve, not Twelfth Night when all other Christmas decorations should be removed. If the sprig remains hanging into the New Year, it will cause arguments among all who have kissed under it.





Illustrations from the *ILN*, December 20, 1851, top left; *The Graphic*, December 26, 1903, top right; and *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, December 11, 1880.

Preserving the fun of the fair

by Kenneth Hudson

The Fairground Association of Great Britain came into being in 1978. "While others angle for fish, scale the highest peaks or simply mess about in boats," says its Secretary, John Ray, "members of the Fairground Association take to the road in pursuit of the travelling fair." Its 700 members have the kind of extraordinarily detailed knowledge of old and new equipment which one associates with railway fans and vintage-car enthusiasts.

The Association is well placed to observe the extent to which the splendid machines which delighted yesterday's fairground visitors have been rusting and rotting away in recent years. Careful and regular maintenance is needed to keep the equipment in good condition, but with inflation and ever-rising wages and costs of materials veteran equipment tends to be pushed aside or ruthlessly adapted in order to satisfy the hunger for novelty.

The only satisfactory way of preserving at least some of the finest examples of fairground art and technology is to set up a museum where these noble survivals can be kept safely under cover and where restoration can be of a permanent nature. The Association is aiming at precisely this and, after early setbacks, things at last seem to be moving a little faster.

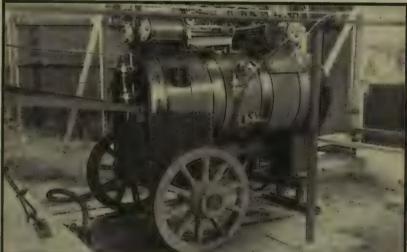
In the 1960s and 70s real progress appeared to have been made, with the establishment of Commander John Baldock's collection of vintage steam rides at Hollycombe, near Liphook in Hampshire. The splendid pieces there included the Razzle Dazzle, built in about 1910 by Howcroft's Carriage and Wagon Works at West Hartlepool; the single Steam Yacht, Neptune, of 1911; and the Cakewalk, from Walker's of Tewkesbury. The collection, all in working order, was open to the public during the summer and it was extremely popular. However, with ever-increasing maintenance costs, and with planning regulations which made it possible to have only one opening day a week, the financial burden of running this unrivalled collection became too difficult for the Commander and in 1981 it was sold to Madame Tussaud's, which at that time was in an expansive mood. Sadly, a palace revolution occurred almost immediately at Madame Tussaud's, Commander Baldock's great collection was never exhibited and within a matter of months it was sold to a government-sponsored finance house, who financed the purchase by means of a lease, the security on the lease being the collection itself.

This accomplished, the collection, which was by now beginning to suffer fairly obviously from neglect, was shipped off to Penwith Pleasure Park



where, exposed to the elements, it underwent the far from gentle treatment of two Cornish winters. The urgent need for a museum where these items would receive skilled restoration and protection from the weather was illustrated by an extract from a report on the present state of the collection made by expert consultants at the end of 1982.

The Razzle Dazzle had been partly concreted into the ground, the steam engine needed major repairs and the organ had been allowed to get wet and, if it is ever to work again, will have to be completely overhauled. The Boxing Show was in even worse condition. "The beautifully decorated front of this show is suffering very badly from exposure to the elements and will not survive much longer . . . it will require expert restoration to make it presentable again." The Galloping Horses, with its 10 rows of animals and two chariots, was in equally poor shape, with one animal missing, boiler and firebox repairs required, and many sections dismantled, including the 89 key Gavioli organ. The Steam Swings have four legs in need of replacement and the engine is "exposed to the elements ungreased and unsheeted". The Steam Yacht and the Cakewalk "will need a complete rebuild". Most dismal of all, perhaps, was the news that "there are sundry parts of the equipment in the yard". Yet as recently as 1981 all this was functioning and being lovingly cared for at Liphook. Two years of neglect is all that is required to turn



Top, the Razzle Dazzle, a vintage steam ride, was built in about 1910 by Howcroft's of West Hartlepool. It is powered by the Savage steam engine, above.

national treasures of this kind into candidates for the junk yard. But the Fairground Association is determined this shall not happen.

The Penwith experiment has now come to an end. Apart from the mistake of supposing that such a venture could satisfactorily take place in the open air, Cornwall is not the right place for something which must be a round-the-year enterprise if it is to pay its way. A National Fairground Museum has to be in the centre of England, near motorways and large centres of population, if it is to become a viable concern. Meanwhile, the problem of what to do with the material now in limbo in Cornwall, with its sale

value and usefulness as security being steadily diminished, has to be solved quickly. The equipment has been dismantled yet again and given shelter at Hayle, where it is at the moment, receiving what might be best described as first-aid restoration while it waits for a new owner. The important point about any sale, especially to foreign buyers, is that the collection shall not be dispersed and this now seems to be generally appreciated. Once fairground equipment is recognized as being just as much part of the national heritage as a Reynolds or Stubbs or a Wedgwood vase the chances of obtaining some form of government help to keep it in the country are











Top, the steam fair in working order at Hollycombe. Centre left, the Razzle Dazzle. Centre right and above, the Steam Yacht. Left, detail of its decorative organ.



Preserving the fun of the fair

greatly increased. The interest being taken by the Science Museum in preserving and restoring such equipment is a most welcome sign.

A Trust is being formed to acquire suitable items for a museum and active discussions are being held with the owners of suitable properties about ways in which such a museum could be added to existing attractions. A consortium of conservation and commercial interests appears likely to be the eventual answer to the financial prob-



lems involved, not the least of which is the construction of a large, pleasant, efficient building in which all the exhibits can be accommodated and safeguarded. The combination of a modern amusement park with a fairground museum seems the arrangement most favoured and somewhere not too far from Birmingham would be the ideal location. Present plans provide for a museum which would, through working exhibits and displays, present the whole social, cultural and technological history of the fair. It would be a Museum of Fun, and one can hardly think of a title better able to entice large numbers of visitors.





The beautifully decorated Boxing Show, top right, has suffered badly from exposure to the elements as the close-ups show, and requires expert restoration.





Just a selection of our classical scents and old English silver for Ladies and Gentlemen. An exceptional gift, charmingly wrapped and available from Penhaligon's in Covent Garden, Harrods and Simpsons.











The steam-driven Galloper, built in 1921 by Thomas Walker & Sons, Tewkesbury, has some wonderful examples of fairground art on it. After two years of neglect one animal is missing and many sections are in parts.



The steam-driven Cake Walk, made by Thomas Walker & Sons of Tewkesbury and well maintained in Commander Baldock's collection, now needs a complete rebuild.



The Steam Swings also require some restoration work. Four legs need replacing. At Penwith the engine was exposed to the elements ungreased and unsheeted.



A portfolio

That most festive of post-prandial drinks, port, is the subject of an exhibition at the Association of Illustrators' Gallery, 1 Colville Place, London, W1, from December 13 until Christmas.

Oporto, which lies on Portugal's west coast at the mouth of the River Douro. It is from here that the wine is shipped

sailed scow-like boats, which was often hazardous. This is no longer possible following the construction of a dam designed to tame the Douro's turbulent waters and to remove the wine-Port takes its name from the city of growers' great fear of flooding.

Artist John Thirsk has compiled a

portfolio of 12 drawings, some of which are reproduced here, connected with port. It is published by Offshoot Publications in conjunction with Croft & Co, and is available

abroad, having been transported by road and rail from outlying quintas (estates) to the wine lodges, many of which are British, near Oporto. Formerly from the former at Bonwm Uchas, Corwen, Clwyd LL21 9EG, price £7.95 (including p&p).



Top, a drawing depicting the terraced levels of the quintax, based on a panel of glazed earthenware tiles at the railway station in Pithilo. Top right, Pont Luis 1, with upper and lower road passes, spans the River Douro at Oporto. Above, port bottles lying in store at Croft's 200-year-old Terretiraho lodge where vals, right, are often dedicated to directors of the company, as the brass plaques show. Far right, a typical outlying village through which trucks, transporting wine, pass on their way to Vila Nova de Gaia, just across the river from Oporto, where the wine lodges are.











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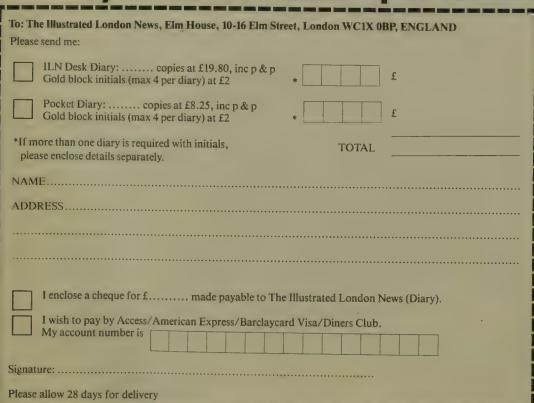
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Changing styles in shopfronts

by Philip Davies

In 1786 Sophie von la Roche returned from shopping in the Strand and wrote in her London diary: "I was struck by the excellent arrangement and system which the love of gain and national good taste have combined in producing, particularly the elegant dressing of large shop windows, not merely to ornament the streets and lure purchasers, but to make known the thousands of inventions and ideas, and spread good taste about."

Almost 200 years later national good taste is at a premium, and for a nation of shopkeepers the English have become remarkably complacent about the character of their shopping streets. Few now share the raptures of delight which enthralled 18th-century visitors, but the allure remains even if much of the elegance has gone. In order to understand the present pattern of London's shopping, it is important to see how it has developed over time.

With the decline of the feudal economy and the rise of a mercantile system based on monetary exchange in medieval Britain, the earliest centres for trade were open markets and fairs. Here barter, exchange and rudimentary financial transactions took place at rough market stalls. Often the traders were peripatetic hawkers, itinerant purveyors of goods and gossip, but in London and the major towns some were permanent tradesmen, and with the establishment of the Royal Exchange by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1566 the City of London acquired a mercantile centre of European calibre. From its arcaded courtyard more than 160 small traders operated from tiny lock-up booths.

The earliest shops were little more

than crude stalls on the ground floors of buildings. None survives in London, but the Rows in Chester and the Shambles in York are relics of the medieval shop. In appearance they were similar to the recessed booths found in Oriental bazaars, using commercial symbolism to advertise their wares in an age when literacy was the exception: the gilded hammer and hand for the goldbeater's, the silhouetted hat for the hatter's and the pawnbroker's three golden balls. In the medieval City of London trades clustered in individual streets, such as Bread Street or Hosier Lane, and it was at the King's baker's in Pudding Lane that the Great Fire started on September 2, 1666.

The reconstruction of London after the Fire fostered new attitudes to architecture and town planning, and most subsequent estate developments had market areas as part of the overall plan. The development of Bloomsbury Square by the 4th Earl of Southampton, completed in 1665 as a fashionable enclave for City merchants, included a separate market. It can still be traced, tucked away in eponymous Barter Street, the modest buildings forming a palimpsest beneath which the original layout may be discerned. Similarly in Mayfair the old cattle fair became consolidated into a local centre-and soon acquired an unsavoury reputation. Its development by Edward Shepherd into a small commercial centre to serve the grander Mayfair houses never entirely eradicated its unsavoury reputation.

In the early 18th century many shops operated from domestic buildings through simple ground-floor sash

windows, but London's finest surviving mid-18th-century shopfront is at 56 Artillery Lane, Spitalfields. Erected in 1757, it extends the full width of the house dividing the frontage into four bays with Tuscan three-quarter columns. The windows form projecting bays with rounded corners carried on vertical iron bars. The shop entrance door has two leaves of geometrical patterned glazing bars reflecting the Chinese-rococo fret design of the fanlight over the house door, a theme continued in the first floor rooms. The entablature is enriched with triglyphs and an oval cartouche of palm branches in the rococo manner. Originally occupied by silk mercers, it was used as a grocer's shop continuously from 1813 to 1935.

Another shopfront with similar rococo influences survives at 88 Dean Street, Soho. The fascia is grained and enriched with elaborate composition panels with a central cartouche over the shop entrance door, flanked by two display windows in the form of canted bays. The cornice is shaped like a rope. Built in 1791 it is a rare survival of its type.

Until recently among the best preserved late 18th-century retail premises in London were Fribourg & Treyer's, tobacconists, of 34 Haymarket. The closure of the shop and the dispersal of its fittings to the London Museum in 1982 was a tragedy but the shopfront and interior survive, empty and grimy, a fascinating reflection of the architectural fashion of the day. Two semicircular bow windows divided into small panes flank a central entrance door beneath a patterned fanlight, the bows carried by iron grillework over

semi-basements, an early feature also found in Artillery Lane. This shopfront exemplifies the principles of classical detailing which were the hallmark of London shopfronts for many decades. With relatively minor adjustments and refinements the form changed little in 40 years. St James's is a repository of fine shopfronts of different periods and two splendid early examples survive in St James's Street. Lock's have sold hats to the British aristocracy for more than 200 years, their provisions including the cocked hat worn by Wellington at Waterloo, and a hat with fitted eyeshade for Nelson. Two doors away Berry Brothers & Rudd, wine merchants, formerly a grocer's, represent another example of historical continuity, the shop interior having survived since 1731 complete with the Great Scales used for weighing sugar and spices, and also records of the weights of eminent English families for more than 200 years.

With the basic form of the shopfront established, refinements tended to follow wider architectural fashions. Bow windows became shallower, glazing bars thinner, and pilasters and columns more elaborate, while stall-risers (the apron underneath the windows) tended to become solid, panelled aprons to the windows rather than open iron grilles. The fascia assumed major importance, displacing the large, projecting trade signs which characterized the medieval and post-Fire City.







From the left, Tuscan three-quarter columns at 56 Artillery Lane, Spitalfields; Fribourg & Treyer's old shop in Haymarket; a famous St James's Street shop front.

Changing styles in shopfronts

substantial that they blocked out light and air. In 1715 one of them brought down the front of a house in Bride Lane and killed four people, resulting in a Royal Commission and a proclamation prohibiting their use in 1762.

By the early 19th century shopfronts were considered as part of the overall design of the building and they were affected by the caprices of architectural style and fashion. Fortunately the great London estates in Marylebone and Bloomsbury which were built at this time retain many fine examples and they warrant every effort being made to preserve and restore them.

One of the major innovations of the early 19th century was the creation of the arcade. Based on French concepts, two were built while Regent Street was under construction. The Royal Opera Arcade, behind New Zealand House, running to Charles II Street, was designed by John Nash and George Repton, built in 1816-18 and soon became a fashionable ambulatory. It

survives in its original form, although most of the shops have lost their original patterns of glazing bars. In 1819 it was followed by London's largest arcade, the Burlington, designed by Samuel Ware to provide élite shops with living quarters for the shop-keepers above. Architecturally repetitive monotony is avoided by glazing rooflights and receding arches which combine a pleasant vista with a feeling of leisurely repose. None of the original marbled shopfronts survives.

The idea of unified shopping frontages was developed further on the great London estates of the period when the design of individual houses became subordinated to the overall effect. At Woburn Walk on the Bedford Estate Thomas Cubitt designed three short terraces of projecting shopfronts which reflect the chaste austerity of the Greek Revival popular in the 1820s. In York Street on the Portman Estate two fine terraces of 1820 survive, each with co-ordinated ranges of shopfronts of rectangular projecting bays varying only in the subdivision of the window areas. In Newburgh Street, Soho, a group of 10 shopfronts

embracing three different designs are articulated by a strongly expressed entablature and fascia.

A major constraint on the design of shopfronts was the technological limitation of glass manufacture. Crown glass was produced by being blown and spun. This created its distinctive grained effect, the centres of each piece forming spiral bullions which evidenced this low quality glazing. Known now as bottle glass, such pieces are often interpreted by over-enthusiastic homeimprovers as an element of Georgian design and applied incongruously in ill-judged attempts at restoration.

By the late 1820s the largest available panes of glass were about 5 feet high, but the introduction of plate glass was gradual enough to promote an evolution rather than revolution in shopfront design. One of the earliest surviving plate glass shopfronts in London is at 45 New Cavendish Street, where a handsome screen of fluted Ionic columns frames a central window divided by a single mullion. Originally the woodwork was grained to simulate mahogany in the style of the period. Often the colours of shop

decoration changed seasonally depending on prevailing fashions, but royal blue, maroon, Brunswick green and chocolate brown remained popular alongside more elaborate marbled, veined and grained finishes. Capitals and other enrichments were gilded or painted in contrasting colours.

Many contemporary observers believed the inaccurate use of regurgitated classical orders to be absurd, and with the advent of plate glass it became increasingly difficult to overcome the fundamental architectural solecism of a building apparently supported by a large void. Architects eschewed shopfront design as trivial, transient and troublesome and declined to soil their hands with the vagaries of commerce. In Nash's Regent Street the shop windows were designed to be completely replaceable elements, the façades being carried on recessed iron columns behind the shopfront screen.

Unrestrained by architectural grammar, exuberant edifices arose all over London in a welter of eclectic styles. At the Courier Office in the Strand there was a splendid Egyptian frontage depicted in contemporary pattern









Top, the façade of Selfridges in Oxford Street, opened in 1909; Lock's the hatters in St James's Street, dating from the 18th century. Above, Shapland's the silversmith in High Holborn has a fine late 19th-century front with cast iron frieze; James Smith's in New Oxford Street dating from the 1860s makes elaborate use of glass.

books, while fashionable West End shops patronized neo-Elizabethan, Gothic, Louis XIV and even Moorish designs alongside the more prosaic classical norm. A rare Gothic shopfront of 1816 with cast iron shafts and tracery, albeit obscured by insensitive additions, survives at 15 Frith Street, Soho, but unfortunately the Moorish extravaganza which stood at 76 New Oxford Street has long since gone. Certain trades favoured particular designs or styles. For functional reasons fishmongers and butchers rarely departed from the simple central sash window or open frontage but tea and coffee merchants often resorted to Oriental themes.

One substantial change which began to occur in the 1830s was the introduction of console brackets to terminate the fascia and cornice. These soon developed into an art form in themselves with elaborate moulded detailing executed in Atkinson's Roman cement or stucco. As the century wore on the brackets became more flamboyant, sometimes measuring more than 6 feet in height, and enriched with masks, foliage or grotesques. In a

recent restoration of a fish restaurant in Baker Street two elaborate gilded fishes were installed as new consoles, demonstrating the durability of commercial symbolism.

Notwithstanding criticisms of style, plate glass grew in popularity, and the repeal of excise duty in 1845 added impetus to its use. By the early 1850s plate glass sheets of 14 feet by 18 feet were commonplace, but the average remained about 8 feet by 3 feet. Increased availability and reduced cost promoted more changes in shop design, and the height of shop windows increased, with attenuated vertical bays divided by moulded mullions. At Asprey's, 160 New Bond Street, the mid-1860s shop windows rise through two storeys in a series of flattened elliptical openings divided by slim cast iron pilasters with foliated capitals and enriched spandrels between the bays, while the fascia forms a frieze of convex glass crowned by cast iron

These stylistic changes are the hallmark of the mid-19th-century shopfront. A superb example remains in New Oxford Street—James Smith's

Umbrella and Stick Shop. The shop dates from the 1860s and it is a riot of gilt, glass, brass and colour. The window is divided into rectangular bays with incised brass sills, but the gilt and glass fascias, elaborate applied lettering to the window areas, mirrors and etched glass all evoke the exuberant vulgarity of the later 19th century. The whole exterior demonstrates the growing importance of advertising in shopfront design. Extraordinarily the Department of the Environment refuses to include the building in the statutory list of buildings of special architectural or historic interest.

By the end of the century most small shops were decked with cheaply produced enamel advertisements for national products. Today these ads have become collectors' items—indeed it has been found worthwhile to manufacture reproductions—and few survive in their original context.

In the later 19th century cast iron assumed greater prominence than ever before. Pattern books show designs for columns, pilasters, screens, brackets, cresting and door furniture. Technological innovation flourished. In 1861 a

fully mechanical rotating shopfront was erected by a Mr Coombs in New Oxford Street driven by an ingenious combination of weights and pulleys.

By the 1870s imperial expansion into Upper Burma and West Africa had opened up new sources of hardwood which reduced prices of these woods considerably. Mahogany, which had always been popular but expensive, became more common, and late-19th-century frontages were usually executed in stained and varnished durable hardwoods rather than vulnerable softwoods which needed painting. Plenty of examples survive. At 18 St James's Street there is an interesting front with triangular projecting bays of stained oak, and the design incorporates an integral blind box. Blinds had become much more sophisticated since their introduction in the 1850s, when elaborate contraptions were needed to support them. Most new frontages had them built in, but older shops merely fixed retractable blind boxes over the cornice to the fascia. Except for fishmongers' and butchers' shops with open frontages or simple sashes, coiled iron shutters >>>









Top, an early 19th-century shop with an Art Deco fascia superimposed; Asprey's in New Bond Street dating from the mid 1860s uses iron shafts to support its windows. Above, a 1920s restaurant fascia with tiled surround in Shaftesbury Avenue; an early 19th-century shop, now a coffee house, in Monmouth Street.

Changing styles in shopfronts

went out of fashion in the 1870s, when improved shop lighting ensured night-time security. However, Shapland's, the silversmith's at 207 High Holborn, still retains an early example of coiled iron shutters in its splendid late-19th-century shopfront.

While there are numerous examples of plainly detailed shopfronts in the Arts and Crafts style, truly Art Nouveau frontages are exceptional. In London most examples show the influence on constituent parts, such as sinuous spandrels or applied carved ornament, rather than on the whole design. Few complete shopfronts were designed with the riotous delight of French or Belgian equivalents, but one notable example, originally a dairy, was discovered beneath later boarding in Cambridge in 1975. It has now been restored and painted dark green and its vegetal ornament has a vitality and ebullience comparable with the best work of Hector Guimard and the Paris

With the formation of Kingsway in 1911 and the simultaneous reconstruction of Regent Street and much of Piccadilly, the commercial heart of London's West End was transformed to reflect prevailing imperial values. In 1910 London was still the mercantile centre of the world and the monumental Beaux Arts palaces of commerce

which lined these thoroughfares were designed to reflect its pre-eminence. Great department stores had developed from family businesses to transform the pattern of retailing, introducing massive economies of scale by providing a complete range of goods for an entire empire under one roof. These new commercial dreadnoughts formed flotillas of colossal stone buildings throughout the West End-Swan & Edgar's, Selfridges, Bourne & Hollingsworth, Whiteley's, Debenham & Freebody's, and Liberty's with its huge concave frieze of imperial commerce high over Regent Street. How fitting that the ultimate department store, Harrods, built between 1901 and 1905 by Stevens and Munt, should be designed in the latest materials of the age, pink Doulton terracotta and

The shopfronts of these great monoliths astonished the Edwardian public. Huge sheets of plate glass were held by classical bronze frames embellished with acanthus leaves and other devices. When Selfridges opened their new building in 1909 London had never seen anything like it. Designed by Daniel Burnham and Frank Atkinson on American lines and completed by Francis Swales, the huge display windows were mere punctuations in a classical composition of monumental proportions.

Aside from the great stores there were two parallel movements in the 1920s. Many shops remained firmly in

the classical tradition. Shopfront design became fashionable and architects such as Maxwell Fry and Walter Gropius participated. A classical order, either expressed or implied, was no longer essential. New materials such as polished black vitrolite, stainless steel and glass blocks, and fashionable pastel colours became popular. Imaginative lighting effects complemented by stylized shiny metal lettering and etched glass revolutionized shop design. Fascias became deeper with curved corners and strong horizontal or geometrical lines. Glazing bars were no longer needed as glass could be butted together and fixed with discreet clips to give an illusion of continuity, while island display cases were created to entice the customer into the shop. Many older shops merely refaced their frontages with the new materials of the day concealing the older core beneath.

Today the department store is in decline, hit by rising costs and diminishing custom. Derry & Tom's, Swan & Edgar's, Whiteley's, Bourne's, and Debenham & Freebody's have all disappeared, creating major conservation problems if these great buildings are to be kept. Fortunately schemes are in hand to save three of them, but Bourne's is destined to disappear in redevelopment proposals. Many stores have proved too large or inflexible to adapt to changing patterns of shopping. Few provide for the car-borne customer. Ironically it is the resurgence

of the arcaded shopping centre, surrounded by a sea of car parking, which has undermined their commercial hegemony.

Smaller shops have fared much better because of their inherent adaptability to different activities. Often the elegance of the original design is forfeited in the race to attract trade and many fine shopfronts and streets have been spoiled by disproportionate illuminated signs, perspex fascias or, the latest horror, hemispherical plastic blinds resembling dismembered zeppelins. Yet there are signs of a growing appreciation of the importance of shopfront design. In Covent Garden stringent planning controls have promoted the sensitive restoration and reinstatement of traditional frontages creating a shopping environment of distinction and character, and this influence is spreading.

Now many mutilated Georgian shopfronts are being carefully restored. At 13 Moor Street, Soho, an early 19th-century shopfront has been restored at the initiative of Westminster City Council and with a grant from the GLC Historic Buildings Division. Other projects aim to reinstate some of the best shopfronts in the area which, if successful, will create shopping streets which are as much a delight to the video age as they were 200 years ago. Perhaps once again a nation of shopkeepers may acquire a reputation for its national good taste and not merely for its love of gain.

Whoever said it was better to give than to receive wasn't a Haig drinker.

Don't be Vague. It's always been Haig.

Christmas quiz

1 These pictures all appeared in the ILN during 1983.
Can you identify them? Answers on page 98.
More questions on pages 95-97.











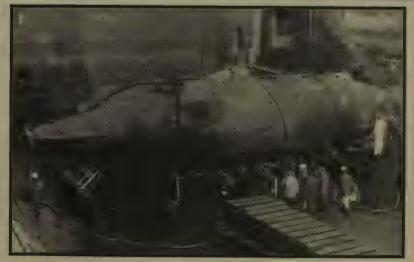














1715 carats



Cordon Bleu by Martell



The supreme cognac since 1715

Christmas quiz 2 Where can these animals be found in London?























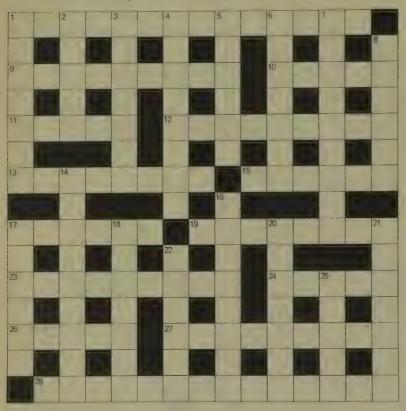






Christmas quiz

3 CROSSWORD by Edmund Akenhead



- 1 Original Christmas announcement (3, 5, 6)
- 9 Polite as Touchstone's retort in a first degree lie (9)
- 10 Proper form of ceremonial, we hear
- 11 Player of a French horn holding the end of it (5)
- 12 Nothing in term like scrambling about five furlongs (9)
- Inconclusive discussion of Omar's doctor and saint (8)
- 15 Archbishop who became saint
- hiding in a tree (6) 17 Will it spoil the kitchen garden's
- alignment? (6)
- 19 Might Henry Ford have been termed such a despot? (8)
- 23 Find trips are troubled by blown spray (9)
- 24 Delete article in Gaelic (5)
- 26 Supernaturally acute? (5)
- Stories of key-notes including three other keys (9)
- 28 On which the king went hot-foot on an errand of mercy (5, 2, 7)

Down

- 1 Piano piece turns out to be doubleact, nothing in it (7)
- 2 Bring gunpowder up to blow up part of it (5)
- Temporary one put in during schooldays (7)
- 4 A hang-up at the present time (8)
- Three quarters let out to make ourselves comfortable (6)
- 6 Dull fellow Jack might grow up to be? (7)
- Saturday's child hasn't (in time) what Thursday's child has (in space) (5-4)
- "Still glides the—" (Wordsworth)
- 14 A regiment needs reform to start growing (9)
- 16 What support for a wall except a lock?(8)
- 17 One of nine is put inside for maltreatment (6)
- 18 Riddle-solver unwittingly kept mum (7)
- 20 Behind schedule with deliveries owed (7)
- No rates? Ruin of government thereby caused (7)
- 22 Most humane of oriental penologists (6)
- 25 It's seen in a church (more than once)(5)

West North East South No 1 9 No No 3 ♦

- (i) Do you agree with South's Two Spade bid? If not, state preferred alternative
- (ii) What should South call now?
- c South's hand is: ♠ void ♥ A K 642 ♦ A 642 ♣ A 865

South deals at Game All and bids One Heart. East-West do not bid. North responds Two Diamonds. South now has quite a wide range of rebids open to him. Arrange the following possible bids in order of merit: a3 • b4 • c5 • d6 • e3 • f4 • g3 A h 4 A

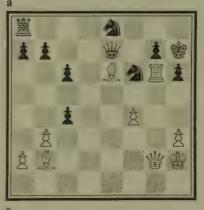
d The hands of West and East are:

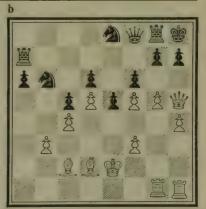
♠AJ63 **♥**K1086 ♠K54 ♥AQ9743 **♦**Q **♦** J4

♣A 102 West has become declarer at a contract of Four Hearts, North-South having taken no part in the bidding. North leads Heart Jack and South follows suit. Outline the play that will assure declarer of at least 10 tricks.

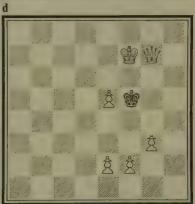
4053

5 Chess by John Nunn









In all four diagrams it is White to move. The problem in the first three is to find how White wins. In diagram d there is no doubt that White will win, but how can he force mate in just three moves?

6 What word fills the blanks in the following quotations? And by whom were they written?

- a -sought is good, but given unsought is better
- **b**—is a product of habit
- c The beginning of-is bad and the end is worse
- d —and eggs are best when they are fresh
- e -makes a good eye squint
- f —and pride stock Bedlam
- g -is but an eye-worm, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes
- h The affirmative of affirmatives is-

7 Who is described in the following passages, and by whom?

a A perfect master of all the arts of simulation; and of dissimulation; who, turning up the whites of his eyes, and seeking the Lord with pious gestures, will weep and pray, and cant most devoutly, till an opportunity offers of dealing his dupe a knock-out blow under the short ribs.

- b As he had all the wickedness against which damnation is denounced and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave bad man.
- c He stood bare, not cased in euphemistic coat-of-mail; he grappled like a giant, face to face, heart to heart, with the naked truth of things. I plead guilty to valuing such a man beyond all other sorts of men.
- d He was simply a strong-minded, rough-built Englishman, with a character thoroughly English, and exceedingly good-natured.
- e That grand impostor, that loathsome hypocrite, that detestable traitor, that prodigy of nature, that opprobrium of mankind, that landscape of iniquity, that sink of sin, that compendium of baseness...

4 Bridge by Jack Marx

a South's hand is: ♠ A K J 9 8 3 2 ♥ K9 ♦ A 10 ♣ 109

North is the dealer at the score North-South Game and the bidding

West	North	East	South
	1♥	No	2 🏚
No	3.	No	3 🏚
No	44	No	4 🍁

64 No No

(i) Do you agree with South's Four Diamond bid? If not, state preferred

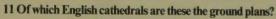
(ii) What should South call now? b South's hand is: ♠ A 10 9 6 4 3 ♥ K5♦6♣AKJ4

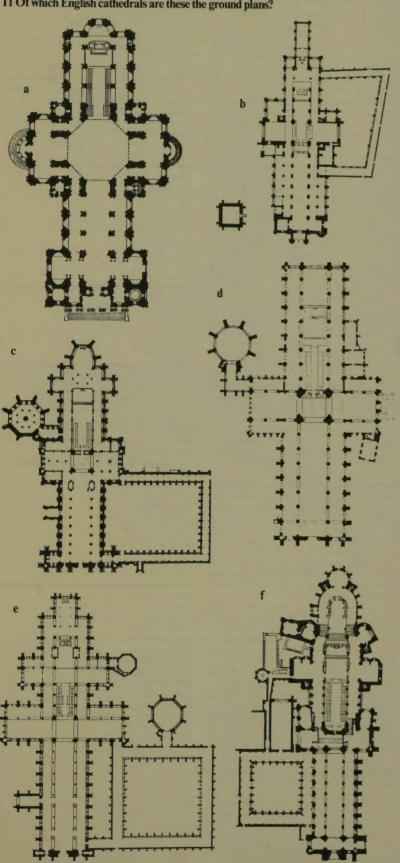
North is the dealer at the score North-South Game and the bidding is:

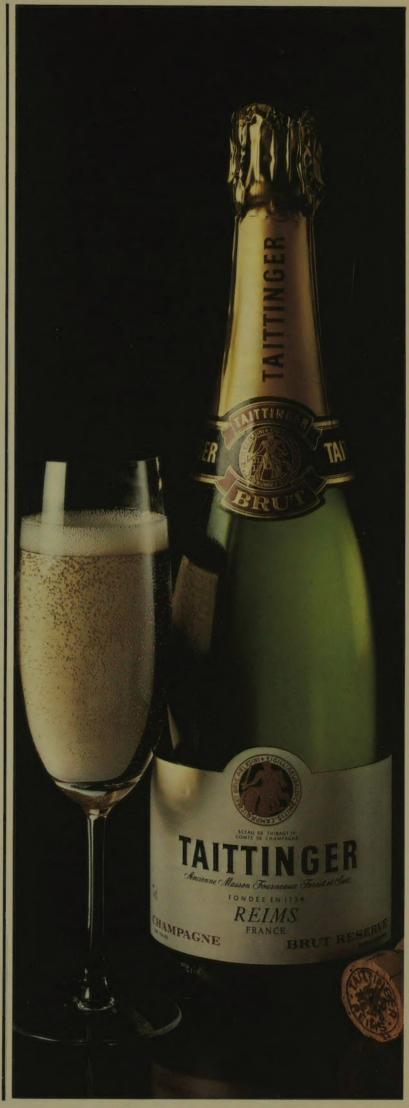
- 8 What are the following dishes?
- a indyk pieczony b rampalla
- c bouquerones d villalon
- e mont blanc
- f crempog
- 9 After whom are the three auditoria of the National Theatre named? And what offices did the persons hold that caused them to be so honoured?
- 10 What eminent persons had or have the following Christian names?
 a Augustus Welby Northmore

- b Leslie Poles c John Boynton
- d William Gilbert
- e William Schwenck

- f Cecil Scott
 g Clive Staples
 h Edward Morgan
 j William Wymark
- k Pelham Grenville







christmas quiz

12 In which plays do the following characters appear?

a Firk

b Guy Bennet

c Harold Mitchell

d Honey and Nick

e Sarah Norman

f Hector Hushabye

g Shakebag

h Goldberg

13 Who wrote?

a Fairies and Fusiliers

b The Letters of Runnymede

c New Maps of Hell

d Fors Clavigera

e The Weather in the Streets

f Creative Management in Banking

g The Perfect Wagnerite

h The Young Men's League

i Cronica Tripertita

k Lady Susan

14 Who painted the following?

a Lady with Weasel

b The Tribute Money

c Aristotle with the bust of Homer

d Horse attacked by a Lion

e The Corn Sifters

f The Ghost of a Flea

g Olympia

h Nude Descending a Staircase

j The Women of Algiers

k One Hundred Campbell Soup Cans

1 Mr & Mrs Clark, and Percy

15 With whom were the following horses of myth or history associated?

a White Surrey

b Lamri

c Black Agnes

d Sleipnir

e Incitatus

f Borak

g Marengo

h Haizum

i Grane

k Copenhagen

IArion

m Dapple

Answers to quiz

1A Peace campaigners near Aldermaston, Berkshire, forming a human chain to link Greenham Common with the Royal Ordnance Factory at

B The frigate *Hermione* sailing out of the Royal Naval Dockyard, Chatham, which was closed down after 400 years.

C Claire Davies, one of the 10 relief workers abducted and held hostage in Ethiopia by the Tigrai People's Liberation Front, an anti-govern-

ment guerrilla group.

D The Prince and Princess of Wales at Ayers Rock during their tour of Australia.

E Mount Etna, which began to erupt at the begin-F The start of the annual cross-Channel Power-

boat Race at Tower Bridge.

G Belton House in Lincolnshire, the family seat of

the Brownlow family. The house was acquired by the National Trust in September. H Some of the damage caused by a tsunami, the

series of undulations on the surface of the sea resulting from an earthquake in north-west Japan. 48 people were killed.

J Part of the skull of the carnivorous dinosaur discovered in a Surrey clay pit by William Walker.

K Yannick Noah, who won the French Open tennis championship in Paris and was the first French winner in 37 years.

L Britain's first submarine, Holland 1, which was raised to the surface at Devonport Dockyard. It sank in 1913.

M People resorting to standpipes in areas of England and Wales which were without water during the water and sewage workers' strike in January and February

2A Grasshopper, Martin's Bank, Lombard Street B Elephant's head, South Africa House, Trafalgar

C Sheep, Paternoster Square

D Camel on cast iron seat, Victoria Embankment E Eagle, RAF Memorial, Victoria Embankment

F Lion with Britannia, at base of statue to Lord

Clyde, Waterloo Place

G Stag, Stag Place H Lamb, detail on statue of 5th Duke of Bedford,

Russell Square

J Swan, on gate of Buckingham Palace K Hound, from Epstein's Pan, Bowater House, Knightsbridge

L Dolphin, at base of Shakespeare statue, Leicester Square

M Unicorn, at gate of Buckingham Palace
N Dragon, weather vane on the steeple of St Mary

le Bow, Cheapside

O Rabbit, detail on Peter Pan statue, Kensington

4 a (i) When this hand appeared some 15 years ago in a magazine bidding competition, the panel



of judges was divided two to one in favour of Four Diamonds, the minority preferring Four Hearts, a mere preference bid for opener's first suit. Taking soundings this year from a number of leading players, some of whom were among that panel, I find that opinions seem to have shifted towards the second preference, though there is still a slight majority for the cue-bid of Four Diamonds. On that past occasion there was not even a whisper in favour of repeating spades for a third time, but now one or two would seriously consider it, though not definitely voting for it.

(ii) Six Hearts still has the majority vote, though a pass has a small following. Cue-bidding in advance of actual suit agreement can lead to misinterpretations later or fear of them, and South may be a little uncertain here whether North has taken his Four Diamond bid to be a definite confirmation of clubs. If he has, a doubleton Ten may be a serious disappointment to him and he might feel aggrieved if South did not return to hearts. But North has bid his hand as a strong two-suiter and both suits may be just short of being solid. There is something to be said for accepting nearsolid clubs as trumps, retaining the King of Hearts on the side as an entry for spades eventually establishable by ruffing.

b (i) Unlike the first problem, this one seems to have registered almost a total change in opinion from 15 years ago. Then the forcing-to-game bid of Two Spades had a two to one majority over the simple take-out of One Spade. This year the support for One Spade is overwhelming. Whatever opener's next bid may be, South should be in no difficulty, for a responder's rebid of Three Clubs is itself forcing. The quality of the spades is not specially inviting and their deficiency is not balanced by any pronounced fit for hearts. That is why the rebid following Three Diamonds becomes awkward. If a forcing responder reverts immediately to opener's first suit, that is not usually regarded as a reluctantly expressed preference; it should be at least normal if not fullblooded support and a doubleton King does not fall into either category. The force followed by the diamond rebid prevents the clubs being shown at a convenient level. Clubs, it is true, are unlikely to be the final contract, but omission to bid them obscures the type and nature of South's hand.

(ii) Having forced on the first round, mistakenly as the great majority believe, nobody seems to think there is any sound alternative to Three Notrumps now. Support for bids of Three Spades or Three Hearts is only tepid.

 $c3 \spadesuit, 4 \spadesuit, 3 \spadesuit, 4 \spadesuit, 4 \spadesuit, 6 \spadesuit, 5 \spadesuit, 3 \spadesuit$. With this sort of hand it is almost a rarity for partner not to respond in one's least favourite suit, but perhaps he has not been all that considerate in failing to do so. South has a tricky problem in conveying the nature of his hand to partner in spite of, or rather because of, the favourable response. Direct treatment in the form of an immediate raise of diamonds comes at once up against the level appropriate to the occasion. A single raise to Three Diamonds is so feeble as to be dismissed out of hand. Four Diamonds is commonly considered forcing but occupies too much bidding space in relation to the detailed information it is desirable to transmit. Five Diamonds is even worse in that respect and further action, if any, may be taken for the wrong reason. Six Diamonds, though a gamble, is at least a robust bid that may bring in a worthwhile prize. Three Clubs is universally considered forcing for one round, but leaves a lot to be explained on later rounds including the excellent trump support. An advance cue-bid tells a great deal more all in one breath, and Four Clubs seems preferable to Four Spades, not because it is an Ace rather than a void but because it is more economical of bidding space. There may still be opportunity for showing the other black control at the four level. An even more useful bid, though perhaps not acceptable everywhere, is Three Spades. Any jump bid can be regarded as a cue-bid, agreeing the last named suit by implication, where a bid in the same denomination at a range lower is considered both forcing and a genuine suit. Since here the bid at the lower range, Two Spades, is thus covered by definition, Three Spades can be released as a cue-bid, affirming a primary control, often a void.

d The contract may look easy, but it is possible to go down if everything lies wrong and declarer is too complacent. The safe line for 10 tricks is to draw trumps, play Ace King of Spades and exit with a diamond. If the defence plays another diamond, West should throw his small spade so that opponents must lead a spade or club, thus avoiding a guess in either suit; or they must lead a diamond, offering a ruff and discard. If South wins the second diamond and leads a small spade, declarer pitches a small club, thus assuring the 10th trick with the Spade Jack.

5 a White pushed his attack home by means of the mating combination 1 RxRPch! PxR (1... KxR 2 Q-N5ch K-R2 3 Q-R4ch K-N3 4 P-B5 mate) 2 Q-N8ch! NxQ 3 B-B5 mate (Bauer-Golner, Berlin, 1956).

b It does not seem likely that the rook at KR1 will deliver mate, but that is what happened after 1 QxPch! KxQ 2 P-N6ch K-R1 3 R-N5! (threat 4 R-R5 mate) PxR 4 PxP mate (Borisenko-Nahimovskia, USSR, 1969).

eWhite can win only by chasing Black's king across the board from KR6 to QR6 as follows 1 N-K3ch! (other knight checks are tempting, but N-K-3ch! (other knight checks are tempting, but this is the only one to have a decisive effect) K-N6 (1 . . . K-R7 2 Q-KB2ch mates in two more moves) 2 Q-N4ch K-B7 3 Q-B4ch K-K7 (3 . . . K-K8 meets with the same reply while 3 . . . K-N8 4 Q-N3ch mates next move) 4 Q-B1ch K-Q7 (if Black ever takes the knight White wins the queen by Q-Klch) 5 Q-Q1ch K-B6 6 Q-B2ch K-N5 (6 K-Q5 loses the queen after 7 N-B5ch) 7 Q-N2ch N-N6 (7...K-R4 8 N-B4ch K-R3 9 Q-N6 mate) 8 O-R3ch! KxQ (or else White takes the queen) 9 N-B2 mate (composed by L. Kubbel, 1925).

d The only way to mate in three moves is by the paradoxical move 1 Q-B8! which, far from confinparadoxical move I Q-B8; which, far from confining the Black king-in preparation for the mate, actually gives him three extra flight squares. The variations are 1 . . . KxP 2 Q-B5ch K-K5 3 P-B3 mate, 1 . . . K-K5 2 K-K6 K-Q5 3 Q-N4 mate, 1 . . . K-N4 2 Q-N4 K-B4 (if the king moves to the KR-file, then Q-KR4 mates) 3 Q-KB4 mate and finally 1 . . . K-N5 2 Q-R6 K-B4 3 Q-B4 mate (composed by V. Cisař, 1909).

6 Love, in all cases

a Shakespeare, Twelfth Night

b Lucretius. De rerum natura

c Portuguese proverb

d Russian proverb

e George Herbert, Outlandish Proverbs, 1640

f Thomas Fuller, *Gnomologia*, 1732 g John Lyly, *Endymion III*, c 1591

h R. W. Emerson, Success, 1877

7 All refer to Oliver Cromwell

a Ascribed to his physician, George Bate

b Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon

e Thomas Carlyle

d Thomas de Quincey

e The Anabaptists, in an Address of Charles II

8 a Polish stuffed roast turkey

b French consommé of fish c Spanish dish of fried anchovies

d Spanish soft ewe's milk cheese

e French dessert made from sieved cooked chest-

f Welsh pancake made with buttermilk

9 Lord Olivier, who was director of the National Theatre at the Old Vic, before it moved to the South Bank; Oliver Lyttelton (Lord Chandos), first chairman of the National Theatre Board; Lord Cottesloe, first chairman of the South Bank Board, responsible to the government for building the National Theatre.

10 a Pugin

b Hartley, L. P.

c Priestley, J. B. d Grace, W. G.

e Gilbert, W. S.

f Forester, C.S.

g Lewis, C. S.

h Forster, E. M. Jacobs, W. W k Wodehouse, P.G.

11a St Paul's

b Chichester

c Wells d York

e Salisbury f Canterbury

12a The Shoemaker's Holiday

b Another Country

c A Streetcar Named Desire

d Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

e Children of a Lesser God f Heartbreak House

2 Arden of Faversham

h The Birthday Party

13a Robert Graves

b Benjamin Disraeli

c Kingsley Amis d John Ruskin

e Rosamond Lehmann

f David Rockefeller

g George Bernard Shaw

h Henrik Ibsen j John Gower

k Jane Austen

14a Leonardo da Vinci

b Masaccio c Rembrandt

d George Stubbs e Gustave Courbet

f William Blake

g Edouard Manet

h Marcel Duchamp j Pablo Picasso

k Andy Warhol I David Hockney

15a Richard III

b King Arthur c Mary Queen of Scots

d Odin

e Caligula

f Mohammed

g Napoleon h The archangel Gabriel

j Brünnhilde k Duke of Wellington

1 Hercules

m Sancho Panza

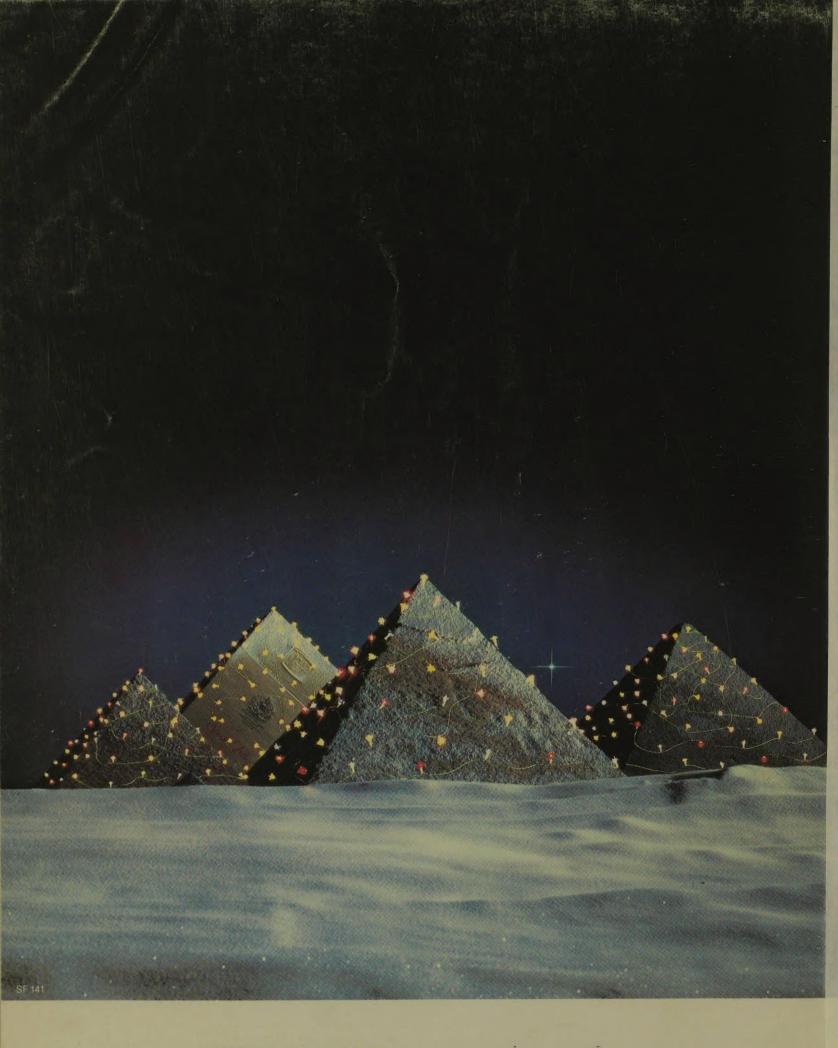
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